SATURDAY NIGHT

AUGUST 9, 1952 10 CENTS

LET'S STICK TO THE GUNS!

by Michael Barkway

THE INSTINCTS of the lesser politician have a frightening simplicity. In the mood of general public alarm which followed the Korean War, the lesser politicians were quite ready to support the greater in launching a defence program. It was clear to them, as it was to the public and to the Ministers who very frankly said so, that the defence effort would be a long-term proposition and that it was at the least a three-year program.

Now, in the summer of 1952, for reasons which not even the political pundits can very clearly state, the mood of urgency has disappeared. It has been replaced by a natural, normal and foreseeable dislike of high taxes. This alarms the lesser politician, whose characteristic is to wear himself ragged trying to keep up with every change in the public mood—a naturally fickle thing. He runs around with his nose lifted to catch every passing scent like a little dog looking for his master in a crowd. For the moment the lesser politician of Canada thinks he has found his master; and his master is saying "reduce taxes".

An election is in the offing for 1953. The chatter around Ottawa, which is faithfully reflected in the newspapers, is that Mr. Abbott must reduce taxes next year so that the Liberals can win the election. The lesser politicians—and it is depressing to see how many of them there are—are all telling him so. He wears his usual sphinx-like smile.

The inescapable question of the moment is, therefore, whether Canada is governed by its lesser politicians, or by such as we have of the greater variety.

THE THREE-YEAR rearmament program upon which Canada seriously embarked eighteen months ago was clearly defined in terms of men, of weapons and of cost. It was designed to take $5 billion spread over the three years. But it has since become clear that the physical goals will cost more money and take more time than was then contemplated—partly because all prices have risen, and partly because in the eighteen months the technical brains of all the Western powers have produced new gadgets of almost magical complexity which the fighting men say they must have—and which are very expensive.

The House of Commons at its 1952 session spent some time enquiring into possible waste or extravagance in defence expenditure. The motive was

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WEATHER WATCHERS NOWHERE
by Peter Inglis

A SALESMAN LOOKS AT CANADA
by J. M. McAvity

THIS IS CANADA

'IRON ORE BY '54'

Firing men's imaginations are the tremendous iron ore finds on the Quebec-Labrador border. With 417,707,000 long tons of excellent grade proved, prospecting continues. Today a new railroad pushes steadily north from the St. Lawrence to reach the ore. "Iron ore by '54" is the cry. Hungry Canadian and U.S. steel furnaces wait this output.

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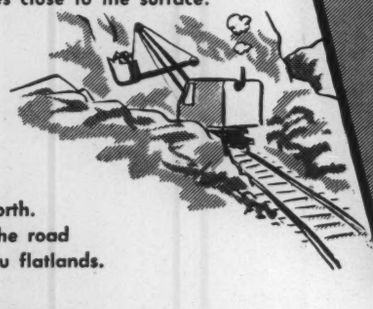
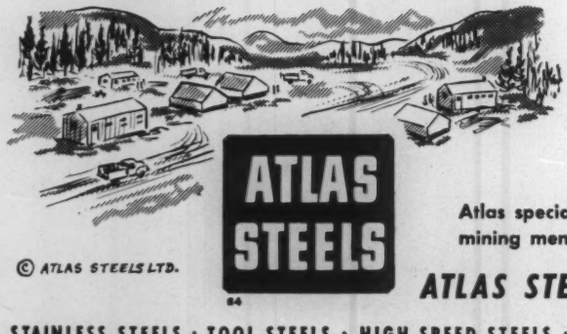


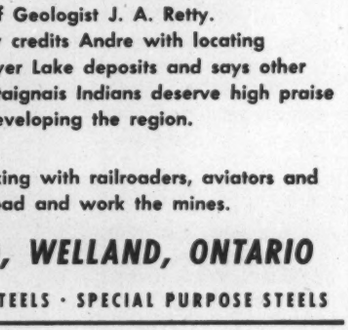
THE FIRST 100 MILES

of railroading are the hardest as builders push north. Once over the mountains the road will break into high plateau flatlands. Highways will follow.

NEW CITIES WILL FOLLOW

Seven Islands has doubled population in a year. Burnt Creek is mushrooming. Other towns will rise.





"MAYBE GOOD ROCK?"

—Chief Mathiau Andre said to Chief Geologist J. A. Retty. Retty credits Andre with locating Sawyer Lake deposits and says other Montaignais Indians deserve high praise in developing the region.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

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COVER: Marilyn White of Cape Breton in her highland costume could be the very personification of the Gaelic Mod, held at St. Ann's August 7 to 9. National Film Board photo.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

DIEPPE is a word fraught with emotional overtones for many Canadians. On the tenth anniversary of the most tragic engagement in Canadian history, veteran war correspondent Ross MUNRO tells the true story . . . Miracle drugs have their serious and sometimes dangerous effects, says ROBIN COUTTS . . . the functions of the Supreme Court, about which few Canadians know all they should, are discussed by B. K. SANDWELL . . . MAX BRAITHWAITE suggests that vaudeville talent for television can be drawn from the club date circuits in bigger cities . . . MAUREEN BAILEY tells how Army wives give temporary homes an atmosphere of permanency, in spite of inevitable cross-country shuttling.

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12-2

OTTAWA VIEW

Population and Employment

by Michael Barkway

THE GROWTH in Canada's material and physical resources is no longer news. But a corresponding growth in our human resources is news. The addition of nearly half a million people to the Canadian population between June, 1951, and June this year deserves headlines.

The increase is calculated by the Census Bureau according to the simple formula: births *minus* deaths added to immigration *minus* emigration. The result for the 12 months June to June is an increase of 421,000 people. Immigration accounted for more than half the total increase. 216,000 immigrants arrived in this period.

A growth of 3 per cent (which this is) in one year ought not to be out of the way for an expanding country like Canada; but it is a larger proportion than the growth of recent years. It immediately raises the question what the additional people are doing. The Census Bureau doesn't answer this, but another DBS study called the "Labor Force Survey" does give some answers.

This survey was made in the last week of May in both years, so it corresponds to the period of the census figures. It is based on questioning of a 2 per cent sample, so—as with all these figures—you must allow for an error. But the estimates are close enough to give a broad picture of what has been happening.

From its 2 per cent sample, the Labor Force Survey concludes that the number of people aged 14 and over increased by 196,000 from June to June. This is less than half the increase in total population, and less than the immigration a'one. But about 20 per cent of the immigrants are children under 14. Also there are fewer Canadian-born children reaching the age of 14 than the new births. The 30's were a time of low birth-rates; the postwar years have had high birth-rates.

OF THE increase of 196,000 people over the age of 14, only 74,000 were added to the civilian labor force. We have 122,000 more people over 14 who do not regard themselves as workers. This, it seems to me, is a very striking fact. In 12 months the population increased by 421,000; the people over 14 increased by 196,000; immigrants numbered 216,000. But only 74,000 were added to the labor force. Even making allowance for a wide margin of error in these figures, it begins to look as though we have been getting somewhere near the curious goal of increasing our consumers but not our producers. Certainly these figures make it hard to contend that immigration has been taking jobs away from Canadian workers.

The thing people so easily forget is that less than 75 per cent of immigrants are between 15 and 50 and only 58 per cent of them are workers. (This is the average over the last 18 months.) So for every six immigrant workers we get ten immigrant consumers. In the June-June period, then, there arrived about 125,000 new workers. Even this is 50,000 more than the total increase in the labor force. It suggests that without the immigrants the number of Canadians in civilian employment might actually have declined.

The gap is at least partly explained by three factors. Probably about 25,000 people emigrated, of whom about half would be workers. (This is about the average). In addition about the same number, or some few thousands more, were added to the armed forces during the 12 months. Thirdly, there is a natural tendency towards the contraction of the working force. With old-age pensions and other inducements Canadians tend to stop work earlier in life than they used to; they also tend to stay at school longer and enter the working force later. So the gap between the population increase and the increase in the number of workers is explicable, even though it is not what most people would expect.

THE next obvious question is whether even the 74,000 increase in the working force has been absorbed. The answer is "not entirely". According to the sample, 5,172,000 people had jobs at the beginning of June last year; 83,000 people had none and were looking for them. At the beginning of June this year 5,222,000 people had jobs; 107,000 had none and were looking for them. So there was an increase of 50,000 people with jobs and of 24,000 people without them.

These figures, for the beginning of June, are probably beginning to show the effect of the BC strikes. They are too early to give much reflection of the U.S. steel strike's effects. The most important thing they show is the contrast between last year's buying boom, which was beginning to taper off but was still going strong, and this year's early slackness in the consumer goods industries. Against that, the defence program was employing more peoople this year than last year.

The labor force survey is a considerable refinement (within the limitations of all sampling) on the monthly figures issued from the National Employment Service. The difference between them clearly shows the looseness of the term "unemployment". The labor-force survey counts the people who did less than one hour's work during the previous week and who were looking for work. This is the figure of 107,000 (up 24,000 over last year). It also shows how much work was being done by people in jobs. At the beginning of June,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

EDITORIALS

Overall Economy Scene Shows New Solidity

THE MOST recent economic indicators carry a good deal of reassurance. The post-Korean wave of inflation, still an anxiety this time last year although it had already passed its peak, ceased to be an anxiety by the end of 1951. The next few months were dominated by fears of recession as reduced consumer demand failed to move the very heavy inventories which had been accumulated in nearly all lines of business. Even with the most gloomy outlook it was not reasonable to fear any general recession, since the capital expansion program and the defence program were both on the increase and assured a steady floor under the economy. But there was anxiety that the civilian industries catering to consumer needs might be in for a hard time.

Spring and summer sales, however, have now removed most of this fear. Things seem to be working out very much as sober prophecy indicated. Consumer demand is not going back to the peaks of early 1951. It would not be good for the economy if it did. But it is already recovering from the low levels of the end of 1951 and the beginning of 1952, and the prospect is for a good and fairly steady level of demand.

If this is maintained, as there is every reason to expect, it adds a third relatively solid element to the Canadian economy in the coming months. We shall no doubt hear a lot from the inevitable pessimists about such soft spots as remain. The worst of them this winter promises to be in the woods, but a good deal will depend on what markets can be found for lumber if the U.K. contracts are not renewed. Ironically the strike of B.C. woods-workers may improve employment next winter. The less cutting is done now the more inclination there may be to increase the cut later on.

There are few winters when Canada does not experience some soft spots. With defence demand expanding, the capital program higher than ever, and a good prospect for consumer goods, this winter's soft spots should not be more serious than usual in the overall picture.

Defence Peaks Still Ahead

MR. ABBOTT'S latest statement about the Government's financial operations in the first quarter of this fiscal year supports the warning given in our cover article this week about the rising trend of defence costs. In the first quarter of the last fiscal year (1951-52) expenditure on defence was only $190 million. In the first quarter of this year it had risen to $306 million. The increase reflects the expansion of the forces and the new overseas postings of a brigade-group in Germany and RCAF squadrons in England. It also shows that defence production and procurement is beginning to get going on a substantial scale. But Mr. Abbott himself warned in his statement that the rate of spending should grow substantially as this year progresses. If this year's appropriation is to be spent, the remaining three quarters of the year must show a rate of spending nearly twice that of the first quarter.

It would be too much to expect Mr. Abbott to state equally bluntly the equally obvious corollary. But any planned program of production or of expansion should rise on a fairly even curve towards its peak. If it doesn't do so, or if it is not allowed to do so, something must have gone very wrong. Now it is quite clear—and if there were any doubt about it, some of the facts which we give this week would dispel it—that the peak of Canada's defence program will not be reached this year. Even if expenditure speeds up to the level of the budgetary estimate, it will not be at a peak because production will still be only beginning at full rate. Therefore the increase in expenditure which Mr. Abbott warns us to expect this year must also be expected next year. In a properly planned program the monthly rate of expenditure at the beginning of next year should show a natural increase from the monthly rate at the end of this year.

Whatever may happen to next year's taxes, therefore, they cannot be based—they certainly should not be based—on any reduction in defence expenditures.

Transcontinental Tapeworm

The U.S. Campaign

WITH the presidential candidates of both parties in the United States men with broad international understanding, Canadians will be able to relax and sit back and enjoy the contest. There is even a chance that many Canadians will be able to preserve their neutrality in the campaign, a prospect which seemed remote at the commencement of presidential hostilities.

Both General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson are far removed from isolationism and both are men with broad understanding of international affairs.

No matter what the result is in November the world can look forward to able leadership in the White House.

Buses Bring Happiness

WALTER CALLOW qualifies as perhaps the most completely selfless individual in Canada. Blind and unable to move, in bed for the last 21 years, he has nevertheless given happiness to thousands of cripples, young and old, throughout Nova Scotia, with his Callow Wheelchair Coach.

There are now three of the inventor's buses in operation. They are fitted with wheelchairs, in which crippled people are taken free of charge to sports events, outdoor festivals, churches, and other places to which they couldn't normally go.

From his bed in the Camp Hill Military Hospital, Halifax, Walter Callow dictates letters of appeal to people throughout Canada and the U.S. His objective is to have wheelchair coaches in every district in Canada where they are needed. Approximate cost of each coach is about $16,000.

Beauty and Nature

WE USED in our simple-minded way to suppose that all that was necessary in order for a girl to become Miss Canada or Miss Toronto or Miss Bobcaygeon was to be born, and to grow up to early maturity, as the possessor of the most beautiful face and figure in the area in question—and of course to be willing to put them on competitive exhibition. Nature, we said, endows Miss

Smith with a better equipment of these things than Miss Jones, and that is that; Miss Smith wins. It is hard on Miss Jones, but who are we to quarrel with nature?

But we now learn that this is all wrong. The real truth about the Miss Bobcaygeons is that nature provides only the starting-point, and education does the rest. In order to win any of the really important Miss-ships it is necessary to have been trained by a school which exists for the precise purpose of training young women to win Miss-ships. Also, we gather, the fees for this training are fairly substantial, for it has to be done by very able trainers. The business is not unlike that of the Olympics, where nature provides certain basic physical attributes such as good leg muscles, but the trainer has to teach the competitor how to use them to the best advantage.

This opens up the horrible possibility that there may actually be in Toronto a more beautiful girl, or at least a potentially more beautiful girl, than Miss Toronto, and that more beautiful girl may have been born to blush unseen (but hang it, why should she blush if she is unseen? Obviously she must learn not to blush if she is going to be seen, but that is probably one of the things that the trainers would teach her!) because she cannot afford to get herself trained by a School for Models. And this is a situation that shakes us to the core. It should not be. No lovely Miss should be kept from her due and proper recognition because she cannot afford to be trained to be lovelier.

Education for winning Miss-ships ought to be free, at any rate in wealthy and prosperous countries like Canada. The school trustees of every Canadian municipality shou'd provide at least the preliminary stages, the junior matriculation so to speak, of a beauty course for all who desire it, and it should count in the examinations—we mean the departmental examinations of course, not the beauty competition ones. (It might even be made a credit in matriculation; we do not think the male students of the universities would object.) Every Canadian girl should have the right to be beautiful, and not merely beautiful as nature made her, but as beautiful as a School for Models education can make her. Didn't we once have Model Schools, when the word Model had a slightly different meaning? Let us revive them, for this nobler purpose.

Water Birds As Actors

WHEN Walt Disney started his series of nature films, his distributors felt theatres were loaded with short subjects and objected strenuously to the prices asked. Now with "Water Birds", the fifth of the films making its appearance, Disney has demonstrated that nature can provide actors to rival the popularity of Hollywood's best.

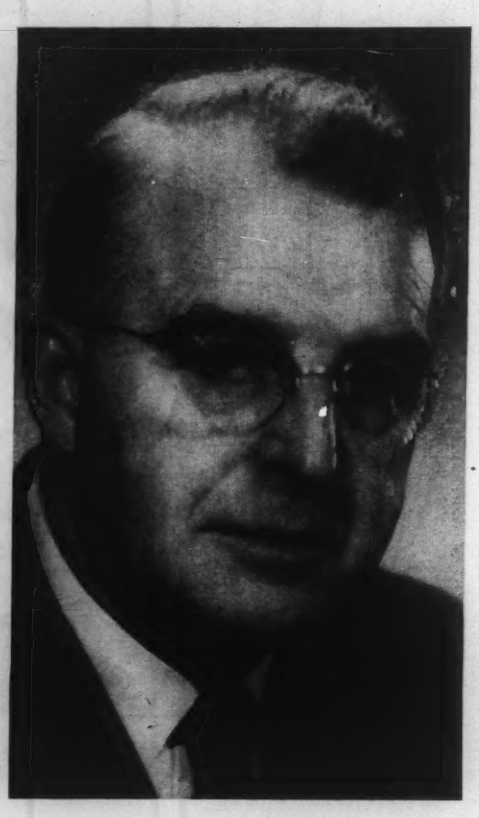
It is only two or three years since "Seal Island" started the new trend. Since then "Beaver Valley" has appeared with the otters providing glorious comedy in their slides, followed by "Nature's Half Acre," "Olympic Elk" and now "Water Birds".

These are films which will never go out of date. They have proved their popularity with naturalists and with all sections of the movie public. The latest one in the series is a triumph in photography, in the musical accompaniments and in the spontaneous humor of the water birds who are the only actors. We hope there will be many more films in the series.

Doctor Becomes Chancellor

THE UNIVERSITY of Alberta, has, we believe, created a Canadian precedent by electing a physician as its chancellor. As a group doctors have been so absorbed in their own profession that they have had little time for outside activities. Dr. E. P. Scarlett is one of Calgary's busiest consultants but he has found the time to serve on the University's Board of Governors, to be one of the chief supporters of the Banff School of Fine Arts, to be keenly interested in music, to be an outstanding authority on medical history.

The new chancellor is already concerned about



DR. E. P. SCARLETT

the growing emphasis on the sciences and the decline in university stress on the humanities, which is not what would be expected from every man who had himself been educated in the sciences.

There are indications of a general broadening in the education of doctors. At the University of Toronto Medical School, Dr. Scarlett's alma mater, honor English is now a compulsory subject and students who cannot make their English grades are not being permitted to continue the study of medicine. If the trend to widen the education of doctors continues, there may soon be other medical men to share with Dr. Scarlett the honor of being University Chancellors.

Collège Militaire Royal

WHEN FRENCH is the mother tongue of three out of every ten Canadians, it is cheering to know that the Department of National Defense is recognizing its bilingual responsibilities with the opening of the Collège Militaire Royal at St. John's this fall. More than any other single move this step should help to bridge the gap that has so often developed between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians in questions of national defence.

Armed services which failed to provide professional training in the language of the students, could not expect to attract many French-speaking candidates. Language difficulties have through two wars been the cause of much of the serious blundering in attempts to mobilize manpower.

The new Collège Militaire should not only provide a centre where French-speaking officers may receive their training; it should stimulate the desire of English-speaking officers to learn French. It should attract students not only from Quebec but from all parts of the country.

Art and Business

A FURTHER pointer that Canadian commerce is increasingly aware of the importance of the arts in the full life of the community was visible on Toronto's King Street these past few weeks. The Chartered Trust Company's main office has given over its window to an exhibition of child art from around the world. This collection, gathered together by the International Junior Red Cross, was but the first of a series of cultural exhibits to which the company will lend its display space.

The recent support of the Dominion Drama Festival by a distillery and the purchase of the collected historical drawings of C. W. Jeffery by a leading oil company are not to remain mere isolated instances of an enlightened new departure on the part of commercial enterprises. In the present ideological struggle for men's allegiances, it is becoming increasingly clear that the arts and business enterprises are, in a very real way, interdependent; for a free art expression is a symbol of a free community.

Business has lived too long under the delusion that artists are a nuisance to efficiency. Artists, on the other hand, have in the past consistently underrated the imaginative potential of the "practical" businessman. It is reassuring to see them getting together for the benefit of all concerned.

The Good Old Days

THE *Peterborough Examiner*, not satisfied with the available statistics about baths in Canada, which provide only the number of baths per thousand of the population in each Province, wants a survey of the use made of these baths, and proposes SATURDAY NIGHT as the proper authority to make it. We are honored at this expression of confidence, but surprised that it comes from so progressive a city as Peterborough. It indicates a mind still living in the nineteenth century, and unaware of the fact that it is many, many years since there ceased to be any connection, in Canada at least, between taking a bath and the eve of the Sabbath.

In the pre-plumbing era, when the Canadian bath was in a tin tub or large washpan into which the heated water had to be poured from a kettle and out of which it had to be poured into the back garden from the kitchen "stoop", there were good and compelling reasons why taking a bath should be an infrequent and ceremonious event. Once a week was the natural frequency, and Sunday was the obvious day on which to be clean. The washable garments which had been worn all week were discarded at bath-time and washed on Monday, thereby establishing another tradition, that of "Monday wash-day", which has also become pretty obsolete.

People whose memory of these times and conditions is glamorized by nostalgia, and people who cannot remember them at all because they never lived in them, sometimes refer to them as "the good old days". It is true that there were then no income taxes, no world wars, no Communists and no Canada, and one's bath could never be interrupted by somebody calling up on the telephone. But we are willing to put up with all these things rather than surrender our hot-and-cold taps and go back to the tin tub on the kitchen floor and the old Ontario slogan of the rights of the downtrodden: "Where shall the hired man wash his feet?"

MSGR. FULTON SHEEN

Merit of St. Thomas Aquinas

by B. K. Sandwell

THERE is a widely held idea in the Western World that the recent epoch-making additions to our knowledge of the nature and history of the universe necessitate the development of a new philosophy, and even of a new theology. It is to combat this idea that the Roman Catholic Church has of late been paying so much attention to the "classical" or "enduring" philosophy (*philosophia perennis*) of St. Thomas Aquinas.

There has now appeared a very able criticism of all the more recent philosophies, and an attractive statement of the classical philosophy, in the shape of a volume entitled "Philosophy of Religion" by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, distributed in Canada by Longmans Green ($5) but "made and printed in the Republic of Ireland by Browne and Nolan Ltd." (It is very well made and printed too, but was it necessary that all the 600-odd footnotes should be at the end of the book?) Msgr. Sheen, now Auxiliary Bishop of New York, is the leading popular exponent of the Thomistic philosophy in the United States, and this, which is his 35th book, is an effort to persuade the adherents of these modern philosophies to acquaint themselves better than they have done with the teachings of St. Thomas. But he also wants the Thomists to recognize that the modern philosophies have at least the merit of dealing with "the problems of the 20th century", which "are not the problems of the 18th."

While it is important that a philosophy should at all times be presented so as to meet the problems of the time, it is not, in the Catholic view, proper that it should be based upon the Zeitgeist, the spirit of the time. Half of this book is a penetrating examination of the way in which the more recent philosophies, from Cartesianism to Existentialism, have grown out of the conditions of their time, and often out of the current state of the physical sciences. Even such contemporary inventions as the quantum theory and the expanding universe have sent philosophers (and scientists who fancy themselves philosophers) scurrying off after a new and duly corresponding definition of Reality, from which they naturally proceed to a new definition of God.

IT IS Msgr. Sheen's view, with which the present reviewer finds it hard to disagree, that neither the quantum theory nor the Freudian subconscious nor the frustrated man of Kierkegaard has added anything to our equipment for understanding God that was not available to the thinkers of the classical period. It is his further view (and it is doubtless his dialectical skill in stating this that has caused much of his success as a proselytizer) that the modern philosophies are essentially irrational, and that the philosophy of Christianity as developed by St. Thomas is essentially rational. He lays great stress on the Church's doctrine that "the use of reason precedes faith" in the making of a Christian, and "with the help of revelation and grace leads to faith."

Faith, in this argument, of course includes the acceptance of the supernatural element in Christianity, and Msgr. Sheen has an interesting analogy to facilitate this acceptance (which is probably the chief stumbling-block to modern persons who remain outside of the church, and which many Protestants have sought to mitigate by restricting the miraculous to eras not less than 500 years ago). "Every order is super-natural (in the broad sense of the term) in relation to the order below it," says Msgr. Sheen, plants in relation to chemicals, animals to plants, men to animals, and why not therefore "a higher life above him" to man?

A miracle in the physical world requires two things, a natural law which cannot be broken, and a power above nature strong enough to break it; and Msgr. Sheen is equally dissatisfied with those scientists who deny the latter and with those more recent ones who deny the former and assert that nature is capricious because the behavior of the quantum is a matter of chance: by making the universe contingent they make everything miraculous, and "the Gospel miracles were thus denied by the generous gesture of making everything else miraculous."

MSGR. SHEEN would probably disapprove strongly of another book which attempts to reconcile our new knowledge of the universe with our inherited concept of God. This is "Modern Cosmology and the Christian Idea of God" (Oxford, $3.50) by the late Professor E. A. Milne. To this author the rationality of the universe is a proof of its origin from a rational God, but its creation was a "supreme irrationality" by which time, space and rationality all came into being. If we understand him aright, the universe, including space, time, neutrons, electrons and all, originated as an infinitesimal point, and has been expanding ever since. George Gamow in "The Creation of the Universe" (Macmillan, $4.75) holds that before the universe was at its smallest it existed and was larger, and was subjected to a "Great

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Squeeze", followed by one hour (solar time) of "nuclear cooking" in which conditions "closely approximated those existing in the centre of an exploding atomic bomb", after which nothing in particular happened for the next 30 million years. "It took less than an hour to make the atoms, a few hundred million years to make the stars and planets (this was after the 30 million years of simple radiant energy), "but three billion years to make man!" Ah well, the scientists will have their fun!

OTTAWA VIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

4,655,000 of them had worked 35 hours or more in the previous week; and I suppose you'd call these the fully employed. 330,000 worked between 15 and 34 hours; 108,000 between one and 14 hours. 129,000 had jobs but were not at work in that particular week: it might have been because of holidays or temporary layoffs or bad weather.

A great many of these people, who are not strictly unemployed, show up in the NES figures of job applicants. In the same week that the labor force survey found 107,000 people with no jobs and seeking work, the NES listed 212,000 unplaced applicants for jobs. They would include people working short-time who wanted to find full-time employment, and also people who might be working full-time but wanted to change their jobs.

It is strictly "loose talk" to use the NES figures as a measure of "unemployment". But whichever basis of calculation you use, any one set of figures will show the variations from time to time, even though it is not a reliable guide to the number of people who are properly called "out of work".

This is the use of the NES figures, which are issued monthly. But it should be remembered that they measure *under*-employment rather than *un*employment and desire to change jobs rather than complete absence of jobs.

As might be expected the NES list of unplaced job applicants has been running steadily higher this year than last year. At the beginning of June it was 69,000 higher; by the beginning of July the increase was only 55,000. Employment always increases during the summer as agriculture and construction take more workers, and this lasts till September. After that forest work absorbs some of the slack. But the seasonal unemployment of the winter, which is such a perpetual Canadian problem, shows the inability of the forests to absorb as many workers as construction and agriculture can use in summer.

On the other hand the industries which manufacture consumer goods are generally slacker in the summer months. If you want an optimistic view of the employment picture, it is that unplaced applicants at NES offices are being reduced faster than they were at this time last year and that consumer goods industries are offering more employment at a time when they usually offer less.

The pick-up in wholesale and retail sales, coupled with the reduction of inventories, became really marked only in May. But it is already showing in increased employment. Since this is against the usual seasonal tendency it is a very good augury.

I sometimes wonder whether the government forecasts are not based on an unnecessarily long time-lag. They seem to be taking a gloomy view on the basis of evidence that is three months old when the evidence of the last three months points the other way.

How do you read character?

Down through the centuries, people have tried to gain insight into character by many different methods.

But, whether or not you believe in any system of "character analysis", you can always tell something about the character of a man simply from the fact that he owns *life insurance.*

This fact alone tells you, for instance, that he is a good provider. For here is proof that he feels genuine concern for the future welfare of his family—a concern that usually reflects a considerate nature.

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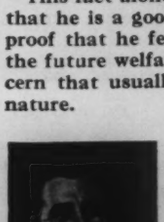
To his employer, his ownership of life insurance suggests readiness to assume responsibility—an attitude that will carry him toward success in any job.

And, if he is using his life insurance to build income for his later years, you can be quite sure that he's the self-reliant type. No relatives or public welfare organization will have to support *him!*

All in all, you'll find that most of the solid citizens in any community own life insurance!



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LETTERS

Newfoundland University

RE AN item in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, the Vice-Chancellor of Memorial University of Newfoundland, Doctor A. G. Hatcher, has asked me to send you the enclosed copy of a notice from *The Newfoundland Gazette*, April 22, 1952:

"Under authority of the Memorial University Act, 1949, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint The Right Honourable the Viscount Rothermere to be Chancellor of the Memorial University of Newfoundland."

The Right Honourable the Viscount Rothermere is closely connected with Newfoundland both generally and because of his interest in the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company of Grand Falls, Newfoundland.

(MISS) A. B. HANN

St. John's, Nfld.

—Dept. of National Defence

RESOLUTE BAY, 1200 miles from the nearest railway serves as supply depot for Arctic stations. RCAF personnel dig out a gasoline cache for north-flying planes.

Watching the Weather in Nowhere

A thousand miles north of Churchill, a string of weather stations are manned jointly by U.S. and Canadian personnel

by Peter Inglis

Resolute Bay, NWT.

NORTH OF LATITUDE 74 lies a Canada which few Canadians have ever seen: the never-never Canada, which is between the magnetic and true poles so that "north" is no longer a word with meaning; a strangely un-Canadian Canada in which a friendly but foreign flag flies co-equal with hers.

Here in the islands above the east-west slot formed by Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, Melville Sound and McClure Strait is the world of the Weather Stations, a white, empty world as strange, as desolate and almost as unknown as the craters of the moon.

To get here you fly due north from Churchill, in an unpressurized, bucket-seated, freight-jammed, noise-racked North Star transport of 426 Squadron, RCAF. You grope your way north not by the compass which swings meaningless, but, shunning the hours of twilight, by the sun or the stars. (You carry two navigators: one to keep the regular airplot, the other to maintain a constant check, by astrocompass, on the wandering indications of the aircraft's gyros. Against the wartime day when a second navigator might be an unaffordable luxury, the RCAF has put some of its best brains to the job of trying to find a simpler system of Arctic navigation.)

You fly from Churchill 1,200 miles over a void where there is no house and no tree, over a landscape in which there is no color but only texture; and at last, in the shimmering haze ahead a coastline takes shape without substance, white on white: the low white hills of Cornwallis Island against the flat white ice of Barrow Strait. Then a pathetic cluster of buildings and a runway, level white separated from the rougher white on either side by a row of discarded fuel drums and striped down the middle with dull red dye. You have come to Resolute Bay, America's most northerly settlement of its size.

Civilization is a relative thing: in terms of Winnipeg, Churchill is a northern outpost, but in terms of Resolute Bay it is a southern metropolis (it even has trees—of a sort); in terms of Churchill, Resolute Bay is a barely-inhabited speck on the map, but in terms of the other weather stations it is a city. What if it is 1,200 miles from a railway, and probably nearly that far from a white woman? What if it is nearer to Russian soil than to Winnipeg? At Resolute Bay there is beer, and there are more inhabitants than you can count on your fingers (how many is a military secret) and, once in a while, there is mail; there is contact of a sort with the outside world. In the terms of the Arctic, the two little groups of huts—one housing the RCAF detachment, the other housing the weather station and the Ionospheric Research Station—which make up Resolute Bay are civilization.

IN THE WHITE emptiness to the north of Resolute lie the four satellite weather stations. The chain of stations climbs the flank of the Arctic Ocean northeastward from Mould Bay on Prince Patrick Island, 1,000 miles north of Yellowknife; goes through Isachsen on Ellef Ringnes Island and Eureka Sound on Ellesmere Island to Alert Bay; and ends on Ellesmere Island, at the extreme tip of North America, looking out across 500 miles of polar ice cap to the pole itself.

The outside world comes to the satellite stations only twice a year. During the spring and fall resupply operations are staged jointly by the RCAF and USAF. The spring operation is the big one: in the brief period when the sea ice is still strong enough to carry the weight of a heavy aircraft even though day already stretches nearly around the clock. The supplies which have been brought the previous summer by ice-breaker to Resolute (for the RCAF) and to the American base at Thule (pronounced Tooleh), Greenland, (for the USAF) are flown in. So are replacements for the weather station crews and a number of "tourists"—scientific experts of various kinds—who will stay through the Light Season. In the fall, just ahead of the dark season of clock-round night, there is a smaller operation to top up supplies, bring in any emergency needs, and take the "tourists" out. Between times, the satellite stations receive mail by parachute in mid-summer and at Christmas, but have no way of answering it and see no faces but those of their own small crews.

THESE ARE lonely men, living in the world's most complete isolation; living in the constant knowledge that they are insulated from the bitter white emptiness of the Arctic only by the thin (and combustible) plywood walls of their prefabricated huts; that they are protected from the terrible mental strain of isolation only by their work and their few hobbies, the chief of which are photography and amateur radio.

As you approach, from the air, you see the men waiting by the runway they have scraped from the snow-covered sea ice: a little group of black dots at the end of tenuous tracks scratched across the white wilderness from the station to the runway by their tractor and sleds. The station consists of three or four tiny buildings set inside a square marked off by its four radio masts and surrounded by an empty infinity. It could be a handful of building blocks left by a child on a vast white beach. It is insignificant in the void of the landscape. It is utter isolation; total loneliness.

The aircraft swings in a wide circle over what is evidently sea because it is level, although there is no dividing-line between snow-covered ice and snow-covered land. The wheels touch, and jolt over the makeshift runway. They roll to a stop close to the men, the tractor and the sleds. The flight engineer comes back and opens the door,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

PETER INGLIS *is Press Gallery representative for Southam papers.*

—MGM

WALTER PIDGEON, bearded and costumed for his role in the forthcoming film "The One-piece Bathing Suit", takes time for between-scenes relaxation with Esther Williams, swim-star who plays film's heroine.

Hollywood's Glamorous Grandpa

by Robert Willett

Once a vaudeville singer, Walter Pidgeon has established himself as a portrayer of character roles that are distinguished for dignity and graciousness.

PERENNIAL popularity is something that Walter Pidgeon has enjoyed for well over a quarter of a century. Today, the Canadian-born actor is as big at the box-office as he was fifteen years ago when "Saratoga", the late Jean Harlow's final film, made him a top star.

There is a very good reason why Pidgeon's position has remained so secure. Unlike many others in his profession, he has managed to maintain a sensible attitude toward the annual toll exacted by Father Time and has been both graceful and gracious about growing older—on screen as well as off.

Some ten years ago Walter completed a switch from the gay, dashing roles of his Broadway and early Hollywood appearances to a series of more serious and at the same time more suitable portrayals of husbands, fathers and "older" men. This brought him a different, more permanent sort of success and he was nominated for an Academy Award two years in a row—for his polished performances in "Mrs. Miniver" and "Madame Curie", two unforgettable films of the early forties.

He has since emoted effectively in many top movies, including "Week-End at the Waldorf", "The Red Danube", "That Forsythe Woman" and "Soldiers Three". Last year, co-starring with John Hodiak and Audrey Totter, he played a grandfather in "The Sellout". The natural and thoroughly convincing manner in which he handled this assignment can be attributed in part to his experience as a *grandpère* in real life.

Pidgeon makes no effort to conceal the existence of his two granddaughters, nor does he hesitate to reveal that he'll be 54 years of age next September 23.

These facts may seem hard to believe because, minus makeup, he photographs at least ten years his junior and is one of very few older actors who must be "aged" to look their own age. For his most recent role, that of the father of Australian Annette Kellerman in "The One Piece Bathing Suit", he let his hair and beard grow. Both were "grayed" to the satisfaction of the swimming star of yesteryear, who acted as technical advisor on her film biography.

ALTHOUGH Annette was hired primarily to coach Esther Williams, who portrays her, she was more concerned about how her father would be made to appear. The casting of the role, she insisted, was one thing that had to be absolutely right. The choice of Walter Pidgeon is what prompted her to give positive approval to the project, after more than three years of preliminary preparation.

"When the rushes were shown, I wanted to see the man who was playing my Dad before I saw anything else," she reveals. "When I did, I felt like kissing him."

Asked whether she felt that way "as a daughter", she laughed and answered, "Both ways!"

That remark is an indication of the wide range of Pidgeon's appeal. He has a loyal following in every age group and MGM studio heads are happy to have him under contract for at least four more years. Since he first joined the ranks of Metro's moneymakers in 1937, he has been in almost forty films. Several of these weren't exactly outstanding (contract players often being cast in a picture mainly because they are on the payroll) but in none did he deliver a poor performance.

Dependability, before the cameras and away from the studio, has made Walter one of Hollywood's most solid citizens. The private life of Big Pidge (he's 6'3" and weighs 195) has always been above reproach and his personal contributions to motion pictures and the movie industry's relations with the public equal those of any other prominent personality.

There has been talk of him touring Canada again, as he did during World War II, only this time he would sell Hollywood instead of victory bonds. Pidge, however, has protested any premature announcement of this possibility.

"Illegitimate publicity is one of my pet peeves," he told me. "Stories are often printed about stars planning to visit some place and, when the plans fail to materialize, few people realize that the actors in question may have had no knowledge of the proposed trip. I would like to see the studios put a stop to this fake form of promotion."

Public relations, particularly anything pertaining to Canada or the British Empire, keep him "on the go" and are responsible for most of his embarrassing moments.

"When we were making 'The Red Danube' three years ago," he relates, "Viscount Alexander visited me on the set and was mistaken for a member of the cast, as several of us were wearing uniforms similar to his own. Our still photographer, Bud Graybill, unaware that we had a distinguished guest, told the Governor-General to line up with the rest of us for a publicity shot. I'll let him tell you the rest of the story."

"After taking several pictures, I noticed all his decorations," says Graybill. "I told him that a bit player couldn't have more medals than Pidgeon

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ROBERT WILLETT *is Hollywood correspondent for the* Vancouver Sun.

Billy Buchanan and His Herald

Senator remains a reporter watching Lethbridge grow forty-seven years after he founded city's newspaper

by R. A. Farquharson

FORTY-SEVEN years ago Senator W. A. Buchanan founded the Lethbridge *Herald* and adopted the slogan, "Watch Lethbridge Grow." Lethbridge has expanded its population seven times since then and *The Herald* has just moved into Western Canada's most modern newspaper plant. And during the years Billy Buchanan has grown to be Southern Alberta's favorite citizen and Canada's best liked newspaper publisher.

The outstanding feature of the man who has made a quiet success as a citizen, a newspaperman and a politician, is his interest in other people. Buchanan is the perpetual reporter, thinking, writing of what is going on around him rather than the publisher demanding change, the editor laying down the law.

This characteristic is good for making friends; it is not good for building up colorful anecdotes for a magazine article. The writer has known the Senator for twenty years and does not recall a single egotistical anecdote or a story that adds spice to a biography which would not be relished by the publisher's family. Billy Buchanan represents the rather unusual combination of great ambition and no egotism; of willingness to gamble his future on a pioneer newspaper and yet no ruthlessness.

When Ochs founded *The New York Times* he debated whether or not to have an editorial page. Good reporting was to him the keynote of the good newspaper. Buchanan, like Ochs has regarded the editorial page as always secondary to reporting. In the whole history of *The Herald* there never has been any one person assigned to write editorials. The Senator or one of his colleagues wrote whatever editorials were necessary.

As could be expected the editorials have never screamed. There have been constant campaigns but the campaigns reflected the second motto adopted by the Senator: "*The Herald* Serves the South."

HIS MOST SUSTAINED campaign has been for the development of the series of irrigation projects which more than any other single factor have changed the economy of South Alberta. The Senator arrived in Lethbridge in the cattle era. The cattlemen gave place to the dry farmer but drought meant repeated disasters. Irrigation brought what one of *The Herald's* editors describes as "a series of Niagara peninsulas" and made Southern Alberta bloom and bustle with beet sugar factories, vegetable canning and quick-freeze plants, butter and cheese factories and other secondary industries."

Editorial campaigns which give leadership to the natural desires of a community always have a good chance for success. Since *The Herald* started its drive for irrigation the greater part of the 900,000 acres of irrigated land in Canada is now in Southern Alberta and projects underway will place another 600,000 acres around Lethbridge under the ditch at a cost of more than $60 million.

Waterton Lakes Park, another *Herald* objective, gave the area a playground that is one of Western Canada's great tourist attractions. Other campaigns helped to bring railways and highways.

"A bright, clean newspaper . . . that is what the *Herald* is going to be." That was Buchanan's announced objective when he converted his two-year-old weekly into a daily on December 11, 1907. And anyone comparing *The Herald's* columns with the columns of much larger newspapers in more competitive towns realizes how well he has met his objective. He has never had a libel suit; never a strike or a lockout. The bright clean paper now has 15,000 readers, triple the number it had in 1917, with half the circulation in Lethbridge and half in the rest of Southern Alberta.

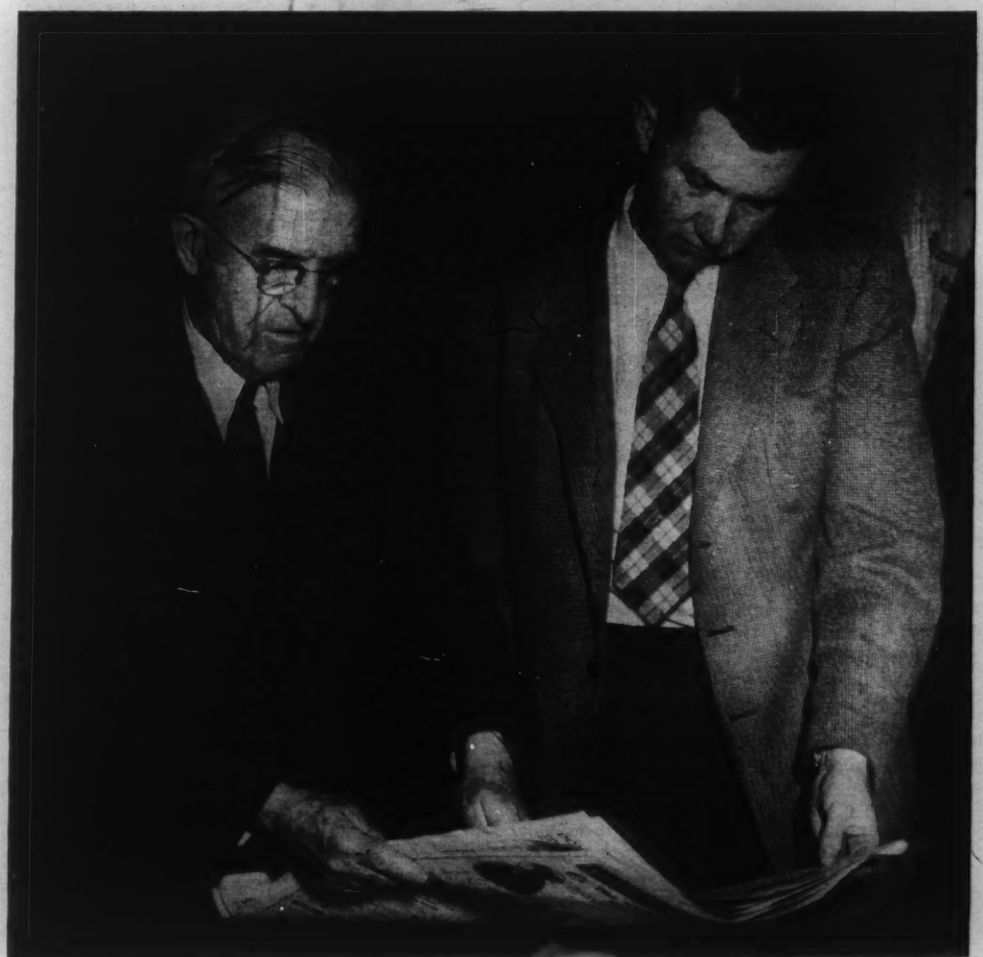
It is largely luck what kind of a paper a community gets and the luck begins with the kind of publisher, for it is the publisher rather than the community who makes the paper. Senator Buchanan has strong feelings about the responsibility of a newspaper to its home community and he does not believe that a newspaper can properly serve its community under absentee ownership. Of 13 dailies in the three prairie provinces all but four are now controlled by chains. The Senator has something of the zeal of his circuit-riding Methodist preacher father and he vows that *The Herald* will never be part of a chain. Younger son Hugh is already carrying on his father's traditions.

Newspapermen have sometimes referred to William Asbury Buchanan as the William Allen White of Canadian journalism. After serving as city editor of *The Toronto Telegram* and Managing Editor of *The St. Thomas Times*, he deliberately sought the then small town of Lethbridge to become a grass roots publisher. Like the Emporia editor he has never permitted anyone else to dictate what he would or would not publish.

Even though he got into politics, first in the Alberta Legislature and then as a Liberal MP in Ottawa, he early set a policy of objective political reporting. *The Herald* became one of the first papers where the news columns were independent of the editorial page policy.

Through the years earnings have been plowed back into the paper until it now boasts the best plant for a city the size of Lethbridge in Canada. On opening the new plant recently the Senator promised to carry on the old traditions—"only with more intensity."

At the opening ceremonies he said: "Newspapers, as long as they serve their communities with unselfish motives and steadfast purpose, will move forward as an influence, I trust, for the benefit of conditions. However, we mustn't be too sectional in our viewpoint. We must always think of Canada as a whole, not only of Lethbridge and Alberta. A good newspaper must always be the servant of the highest interests of the country and its people."



—A. E. Cross

IN LINE for his father's newspaper some day is son Hugh, now managing editor. The Senator has vowed that his newspaper will never become part of a chain under absentee owners, like other prairie dailies.

—W. H. Carrick

PLATFORM and camera are normally covered with blind when photographing birds by method shown.

Bird-Watchers: The Helpful Hobbyists

by Hal Tracey

TO THE average person, the term "bird-watcher" calls up feelings of derision and amusement. For some reason, it is a term almost of contempt, conjuring up pictures of enthusiastic spinsterish females, or timid, mousy little men of the Wallace Wimple type, prying into the intimate home or love life of poor little feathered creatures nesting in a bush.

The picture is, of course, an entirely unjustified one—as one naturalist put it, "the cross ornithologists have to bear." Such respectable and robust men as bankers, train engineers and truck drivers belong to amateur bird-watchers' societies. By and large, bird-watching societies have outgrown the flighty spinster and precious young man types.

The societies do a lot of good work. They help naturalists, bird protective organizations, and bird banders and ornithologists in plotting the habits and migration flights of birds. Their observations on occasion have a direct influence on the game laws governing the limits on how many game birds a hunter may bag per season.

Bird-watching is an international hobby, and it has seen its biggest development in both the U.S. and in Canada in the last ten years. Societies in the two countries work together, and exchange findings.

One reason bird-watching is popular is that there aren't too many different kinds of birds in Canada. An active watcher may see 150 to 250 different varieties in a season. This isn't too many to learn to identify, especially since distinctive colorings and songs of many species make easy check points.

Bird-watching is also an easy and painless avenue of approach to other forms of natural history. The hobby has come a long way since the days when bird-watchers had to sneak their field glasses under their coats, so they wouldn't be regarded as oddities. Even as recently as during the last war, bird-watchers with field glasses were more than once suspected of being German spies scouting Canadian defence preparations.

Bird-watching has become so popular in this country that counts are taken in every province in Canada in an international count such as the Christmas Census, a count of all the birds seen within a seven-and-a-half mile radius of the group of watchers. The area covered is a standard one, so that counts from all sections of the U.S. and Canada can be compared.

The waterfowl survey, sponsored in this country by the Canadian Wildlife Service, partially determines the dates and length of the hunting season, and bag limits. Here jet planes have played a part. A photographer in a jet plane can fly over a flock of birds resting on the water, snap a picture, and be gone before the birds get off the water.

Another new technique used to trap waterfowl for banding is the rocket net. Rockets carry a net right over a flock of birds on the water before they can escape. They can then be banded and released individually.

In Ontario, there are some 20 organizations whose chief function is bird-watching. The Toronto Field-Naturalists Club is the largest, with a limited membership of about 600. They had to limit membership because the hall in which they meet only holds 400. The Hamilton Nature Club has more than 400 members. It began just after the First World War as the Hamilton Bird Protection Society.

Most clubs, though, have from 50 to 150 members. One of the chief requirements for a good bird-watchers' club, says Dr. William Gunn of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, is the presence of an authority in the natural history field—not necessarily an authority on birds. Centres that have a natural history museum or a university department devoted to natural history usually have active clubs, he says.

SEVERAL HUNDRED Ontario bird-watchers turned out spontaneously last year for a count of the hawks that fly over the province every fall. The watchers were dotted along the shores of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. They saw about 20,000 hawks, and might have seen more, except for the fact that they were parallel to the line of flight.

Now that the general course of the hawks' flight is known, says Dr. Gunn, it is planned to station the watchers across the line of flight next fall, so that more of the birds can be spotted.

A great deal of general knowledge has been obtained about the general migratory habits of birds, says Dr. Gunn, but reports of bird-watchers' societies open the way to more specific information. Many clubs now keep records as to when the first of migratory species of birds is spotted each year. An attempt is being made by naturalists to correlate the information obtained from each area, which will give a much more detailed picture about the habits of birds.

The birds themselves can put on quite a show for bird-watchers who know where and at what time the feature is on. More and more people are attracted to Long Point Bay, on Lake Erie, the last week in March and early April. The swans stop there on their way north, within a ten-day period, approximately.

Another spot where bird-lovers can see great great numbers of their friends when conditions are right is Point Pelee and the surrounding area, where the birds concentrate during May.

Naturalists can see that something must be done in the near future to give migrating birds more places to stop and rest on their journeys. The encroachments of civilization are making more and more advances on the natural stopover points where birds used to rest on their trips north and south. Very few of them make the long flights non-stop.

Bird sanctuaries help to some extent, but there is the objection that hunters can ring them round, and bag the birds on the way in and out. Terrific kills have been made near some sanctuaries. The way out, naturalists think, is to provide more stopover points, and to scatter them so that there are no large concentrations of birds in any single area.

Birds can be banded only by certain people, who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

The Muzzling of News in Korea

Tough censorship laws imposed by Far Eastern Command have resulted in red-pencilling badly out of gear with necessity

by Robert C. Miller

THE reading public of the United Nations frequently has accused its newspapers of not "printing the truth" about Korea. The denials have been loud and usually accompanied by violent gestures.

Every newsman has made repeated explanations that he prints just about every line of Korean war news furnished him by the press associations and feature syndicates. And they have emphasized time and again that they are relaying every important bit of news gathered by reporters in the field.

Despite this, our critics are right; we are not giving them the true facts about Korea, we haven't been for the past sixteen months and there will be little improvement in the war coverage unless radical changes are made in the military censorship policy.

During the first six months of the Korean war the coverage was excellent—from a civilian and newsman's point of view. The military considered the coverage tragic and inefficient as censorship was on a voluntary basis with the final judgment left in the hands of the newsman as to whether the story violated security.

Since the enforcement of censorship by the Press Advisory Division of the Far East Command early last year, much of the truth about the Korean War and Peace Talks has been red-pencilled.

In fact it has taken a tough fight, led by Frank Bartholomew of the United Press and other newspaper executives, to obtain the concessions we now enjoy at the Peace Talks. Had it not been for this pressure on the military, plans would have been carried out for limiting coverage of the talks at Kaesong and Panmunjom to mere communiques and restricted eye-witness accounts.

UNFORTUNATELY the press still is regarded with suspicion by most military minds, who consider us a necessary evil, and it would be difficult to convince them that the evil is really necessary.

One senior officer put it quite bluntly. He said that if he had his way there would be two communiques issued about the Korean war; one would announce the beginning and the other our victory.

General Ridgway even rebuked the press in Korea for allegedly "fraternizing" with Communist newsmen at the Peace Talks and relaying Red propaganda.

The General forgot that we are forced to depend upon these Communist newsmen for the details of the negotiations at Kaesong and Panmunjom. Our own officers would tell us nothing, and unfortunately the Reds, using their old trick of mixing truth with propaganda, were more accurate and better sources of information. United Nations sources either denied or withheld comment on Communist-supplied information, then belatedly acknowledged its truth weeks afterwards.

General Ridgway, in spanking us verbally, also forgot that officially the Communists are not considered our enemies, nor are we at war with them. They receive and accept invitations to our diplomatic functions, they too are members of the United Nations and are accepted as equals by both American and United Nations dignitaries. It seemed odd to us at Panmunjom that the Washington press and diplomatic corps was not included in the General's reprimand.

Fortunately there has been an improvement at the Peace Talks so that now we know things about the same time as the Communists. U.S. Air Force Brigadier General William Nuckols deserves the credit for this and other improvements which have been effected since he was given a free hand as United Nations spokesman at the negotiations.

The military censors and the rules under which they operate are the source of our troubles in Korea. Personally they are fine people attempting to do a job which every reporter realizes is necessary—to maintain military security and prevent valuable information from being given the enemy.

Every member of the press—and that includes reporters, cameramen, radiomen and television personnel—appreciates the necessity of military censorship in times of conflict. It's just as possible for a person like myself, who has about eight wars under his belt, to make a slip as it is for a man on his first war assignment.

We fielded a team in Europe and the latter stages of the Pacific War that produced an efficient, fair and well-organized censorship. Unfortunately, I cannot honestly pay the same tribute to the censorship organization of the Far East Command.

THE BASIC fault is that no man with any previous newspaper experience is allowed to hold a censor's job. The first requisite of the Far East Command is that no censor can have the slightest taint of newspapering in his record. Were you to adopt such a policy here on a newspaper you'd be forced to hire a back-shop foreman who didn't know the difference between a ludlow and a linotype, or a reporter who couldn't write.

The censors also are kept under a check rein by the censorship code imposed by the FEC. This code is a riveted set of rules and no interpretation or deviation is allowed. Its authors undoubtedly were theorists who had no conception of the actual problems faced in the field.

No members of the press were consulted when the censorship code was drafted, nor were any comments or reaction to the code sought by the army before it was put into effect.

IN ADDITION the code contains two sections which we believe to be exceedingly dangerous. One prohibits publication of anything which might "give aid and comfort" to the enemy, and the other stops any stories which criticize or bring discredit upon any branch of the armed services.

Stories of enemy guerrilla activity were considered comforting to the Reds and banned, despite the fact that they were printed prominently in the South Korean press and broadcast by the Seoul and Pusan radio stations which were beyond the jurisdiction of the Far East Command censors. This repeatedly was called to the attention of the censors, but guerrilla stories still were prohibited. This explains why you never were told of the uprisings in the provinces of North and South Cholla where crops were forty per cent below normal because of guerrilla activity, or of the appeal by the South Korean Government to General Van Fleet to release a South Korean division from front line duty to fight the guerrillas. Nor were we allowed to mention the actions of the South Korean police who blackmailed innocent farmers, threatening to arrest them as Reds unless they paid off. Hundreds fled into the mountains and joined guerrilla units because of police blackmailing tactics, but stories concerning this were killed.

Stories even hinting at incompetency of com-

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CORRESPONDENTS at the Peace Talks: United Nations reporters are subject to far more rigorous laws of censorship than their Communist colleagues. They are laws against which no appeal can be made.

ROBERT C. MILLER, *UP roving correspondent, has covered the Korean War. A Nieman Fellow in 1947, he wrote this article for the Nieman Report.*

—Malak

NEW CANADIANS: "Sold" on Canada themselves, their contributions to the economy create further selling points.

A Salesman Looks at Canada

by J. M. McAvity

I WONDER if Canadians realize how much salesmanship went into the making of Canada. One hundred years ago this country was no more than a series of scattered communities. The possibility of a Canadian nation, which would hold dominion from sea to sea, seemed like a fantastic dream.

Yet it so happened that even at that time there were a few people who were sold on Canada. If you remember the old steel engravings in your Grandfather's house, you probably saw a group of them. They were called "Fathers of Confederation" and although they did not look it, they were salesmen to a man. They combined knowledge and foresight with fanatical faith and they did some astonishing selling.

They sold the Maritime Provinces, (which had nothing to gain and a lot to lose by joining with Upper Canada), on the idea of nationhood. They enticed British Columbia into Confederation with a promise which they had no apparent means of keeping, for at that time no pass suitable for a railway had been discovered through the Rockies; but the way they told the story gave the impression that such a pass would be found, and sure enough, it was found. These single-minded Fathers of Confederation were sold on their product, which was Canada, even before Canada existed; they brought their product into being by the strength of their faith and determination.

Canada was born in faith and was endowed with hope, but it required considerable charity for thirty years to come. In the 1890's, however, another super-salesman turned up, at a time when the Prairies still were empty and the Dominion had a sag in its middle. This salesman was Sir Clifford Sifton, a man dedicated to the simple idea that Canada needed a lot more people. As Minister of Immigration he launched a drive for settlers. Between 1895 and 1914 Canada doubled her population through the admission of 5 million immigrants.

I doubt if a collection of Sir Clifton Sifton's emigration posters, which were plastered on half the walls of Europe, exists today. Perhaps it is just as well, for a good many of them were on the lurid side; they were much prettier than the scenes they were supposed to represent. But they served to send hundreds of thousands of Europeans home to count their coins and to pack their bundles; and I am sure that the descendants of these immigrants today do not care greatly if their grandfathers did not find the Canadian Prairies to be exactly a "paradise". The eyes of faith sometimes see things differently from the eye of the camera. Salesmanship sometimes must rely on the long view.

So much for the past, or as we might put it in sales terms, so much for the background of our product. I think we must admit as we look back, that as a nation we have had a good deal of luck.

We have reason to be satisfied with our standards of social life. Our habits and behavior for the most part are democratic, but without carrying democracy to the extreme where the herd overrides the individual. We believe, like our American neighbors, in keeping up with the Joneses; this circumstance makes us gadget-conscious, but some inner instinct tells us to let the Joneses try out the gadget first—if it works, we always can buy it later. I don't believe that being a few weeks behind the American scene is such a bad thing for Canada. It reflects our stability of temperament and our tendency to think twice.

In the same way I believe that we have reason to be pleased with our cultural progress in the last few years. Our artists and our scientists, our craftsmen and our professors, not only are becoming known abroad; but, what has always been much more difficult, they are beginning to be known at home.

Our production standards in creative work are rising and our artistic achievements are all the more noteworthy when we remember the competition with which our artists are faced. Leslie Roberts has well said, "Throughout the decades of our national youth, the culture of the United States literally has been poured on us. By all odds we should have been drowned long ago; yet it turns out that only our surfaces have been wet."

Finally, there is our great and expanding economy which is carrying Canada, willy-nilly, towards the rank of a world power. Year by year we are incorporating more labor, brains and capital in our products; we are doing more and more of the processing and refining of our raw materials at home.

Three tons of iron can be purchased for about $25. This ore can be processed into a ton of pig iron, worth about $75 or into a ton of steel, worth $150; or into a ton of technical instruments worth, perhaps $50,000. It is entirely up to Canadians to decide how much of this work they will do themselves, or how much they will pay the craftsmen of other nations to produce the things that they need.

IT IS NO CREDIT to us that Alberta has been found to be floating on a sea of oil, or that the spine of Labrador has turned out to be almost solidly iron ore. But we shall show whether we are an intelligent and a worthy nation by the way we use these gifts of nature.

We may take confidence when we look at the Canadian forest, which in spite of oil, mines and agriculture, still is our most important property. We have been exploiting the Canadian forest for 150 years and in that time we have learned and demonstrated good sense in the matter of conservation. The danger of gutting our natural resources for a quick profit

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JAMES M. McAVITY *is Director of Sales for Canada for one of the largest Canadian domestic and export corporations.*

The "Great Day" Dawns for Gaspé

Fish and forest industries modernized, new ore bodies open and to top it all, geologists expect to find oil 6,000 feet down

by Leslie Roberts

QUEBEC'S Rip Van Winkle, the sea-girt Gaspé Peninsula, which juts 200 miles northeast into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has suddenly come wide awake. Its big sleep was ended sharply by the hum of motors making ice to freeze codfish and driving power-saws in the woods and mills. Now any chance of the country dozing off again has been destroyed by the racket of a hundred road-making bulldozers and the rumble of giant drills. What is happening to Gaspé reveals another facet of the Canadian miracle—the great awakening to the value of the resources of Nature in a land blessed as no other in the western world is.

In short, the scientific resource-developer has finally realized that his reason for avoiding Gaspé —an alleged inaccessibility—isn't valid. Once this struck home, it was but a step to the revolutionizing of an abundant off-shore fishery, the modernizing of the peninsula's forest industry, the opening of great ore-bodies and the deep probing for oil. Drillers are punching downward to penetrate the coral reef, lying more than 6,000 feet below the interior's ruggest crust, to tap what today's petroleum geologists believe is a great pool of oil. Failure to bring in wells during earlier attempts, says Fred W. Bates, of Bates and Cornell, U.S. consulting petroleum geologists, resulted from the simple fact that the drills didn't go deep enough. His firm is now putting this theory to the test on the 44,000-acre reservation allotted by Quebec to New Peninsular Oil.

Even ten years ago, Gaspé was Canada's Never Never Land. The tourists streamed around the coastal highway through July and August and returned to "civilization" to issue rave notices about the scenery and gush about the "quaint" inhabitants. As recently as a quarter century ago, this was virtually *terra incognita* to all but the hardy few. No highway circled the 550-mile perimeter of the jagged coast. Twin lines of rusty steel snaked around the coves of the Baie des Chaleurs from Matapedia, where the southern base of the peninsula joins the mainland, to straggling Gaspé Town, nestling against the huge, almost landlocked basin which the Royal Navy calls its spare bedroom in North America.

OVER RUSTED RAILS, the prehistoric locomotives of the fabulously named Quebec and Oriental hauled strings of wooden coaches, taking anywhere from ten to twenty-four hours to complete the 200-mile journey. Derailments were run-of-the-line, but the railroaders had improvised ingenious devices for putting trains back on the wobbly tracks, and while the work was in hand, passengers could wander the nearby fields and feast on berries, or in winter find a hot meal in the nearest farmhouse. The Q. and O. was perhaps the last of the happy-go-lucky railroads; the last and the happy-go-luckiest. Tycoons rode the Gaspé Flyer in the summers, en route to fish for salmon in the pools of the York or the Dartmouth. As the cars swayed past Paspébiac, Shipswake and Anse-au-Gascon, codfish lay drying in the sun on the "flakes"—platforms mounted on stakes. Roads that were no more than rutted tracks carried the season's pulpwood cut down to the coast, or to the big mill at Chandler. Life hereabouts was harsh, the soil thin and Nature frugal in her gifts to the farmer.

But suddenly Gaspé came alive. What had been by-passed as one of North America's inaccessible corners has been revealed as considerably handier to the market than a score of Canadian Golcondas that were opened many years earlier.

Two events of great importance happened in the rugged peninsula simultaneously, only one of which was noted by the general public; the looping of the coastal highway around the country's perimeter. The other was the entry of the Provincial Government into the fish business via the construction and operation of cold-storage and freezing plants adjacent to salt water.

The early 1930's pinpoint the beginnings of Gaspé's revolution, and in 1952 it is still not easy to say which had the greater impact on the economic life of the hardy peninsula people—the coming of the highway, or the modernization of the sea fishery. Thanks to the storage plants, their basic income from the sea has been multiplied five times over. The highway, on the other hand, brought in the prospector, and either or both of these will complete the transformation, bringing the long neglected eastern thumb of Quebec into the business world.

Today the Government of Quebec owns and operates 47 cold storage plants for fish removed from its Atlantic and Gulf waters. It is still the only Province in the business. Thirty-five of the plants are situated on the Gaspé coast. Of storage space for approximately 14 million pounds of frozen salt water fish, more than 12 million are on the rim of the eastern peninsula. All the big plants, in terms of freezing and storage capacity, are here. Each of such establishments as those at Rivière aux Renards, Petit Gaspé and Grande Rivière can store a million pounds of cod and freeze 20,000 pounds a day. Here were the beginnings, then, of the renaissance of Gaspé.

The starting point was the middle 1930's, but the zenith was not touched until the years which followed World War II. A government had provided its people with the muscles to lift themselves, and a cash income from fish in excess of $5 million in the off-years, almost double that amount when prices are high. That is not much money, perhaps, to pile on top of the income of a metropolis, but it is wealth beyond dreaming to a folk who had seldom seen a ten-dollar bill in the bad old days.

Meanwhile the highway builders were throwing a noose around Gaspé, the tourist-boosters began to sing the country's rugged charms and to urge the inhabitants to erect hotels and overnight cabins. The tourists wore strange garb. Some of them carried gear suited to a desert safari. Others wrote from Asheville or Ashtabula to ask if they would need antifreeze in August.

These were important people to the Gaspesians because they had money to spend, but they were

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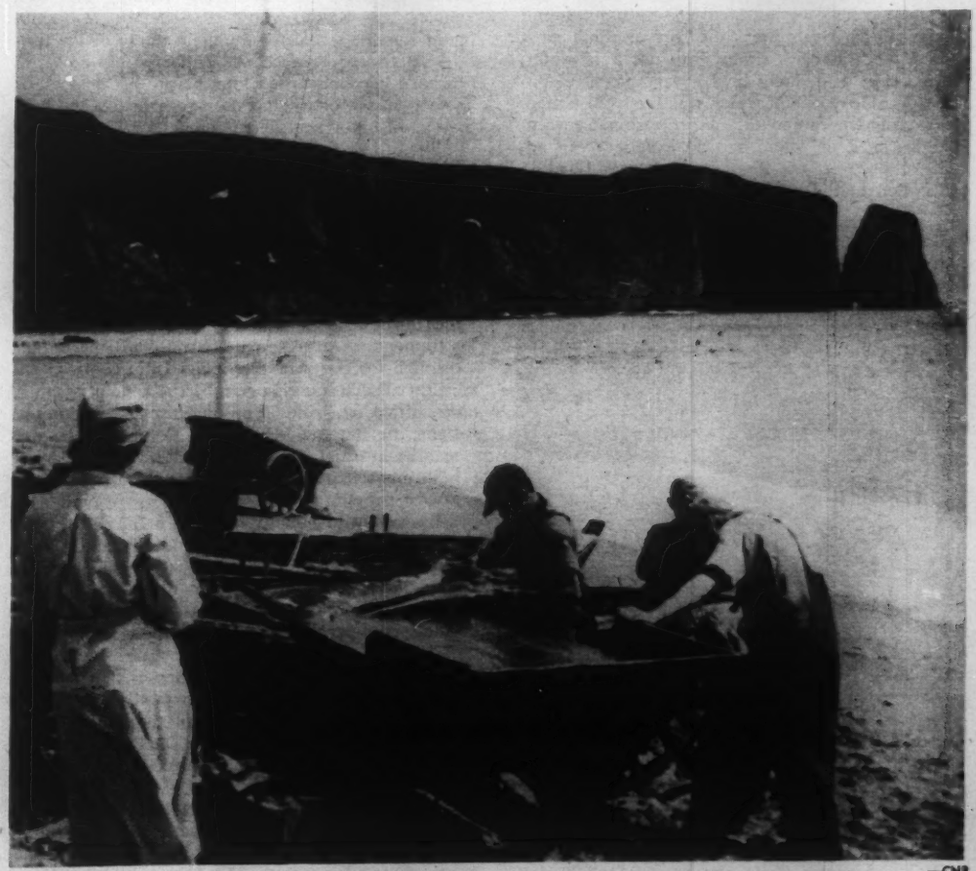


—CNR

"QUAINT" element still draws tourists, but modernized fisheries, resources make them less important.

Who Will Be Stalin's Successor?

The possibility of internal split makes succession as grave a problem for Russia as it is for the waiting Western powers

by Edward Crankshaw

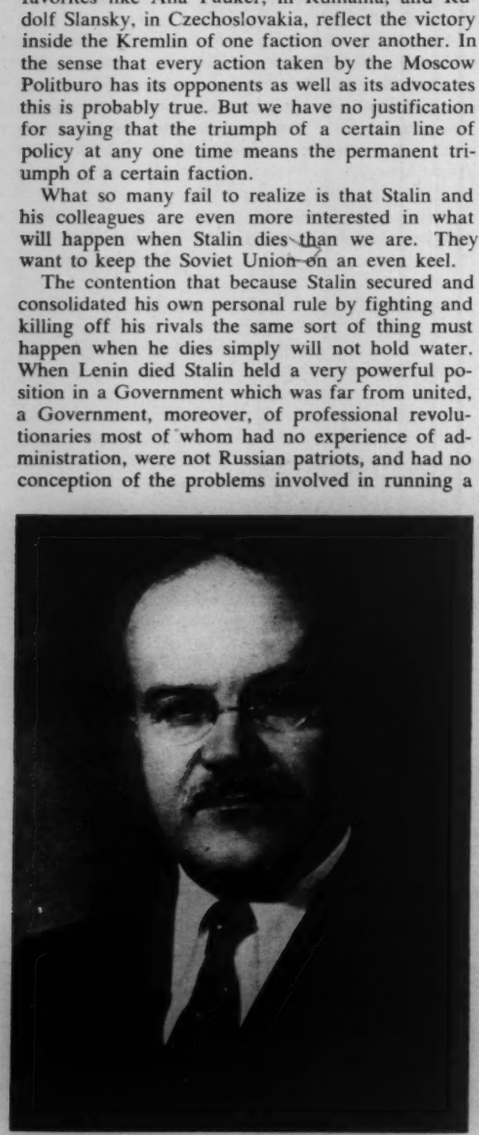
ON BOTH SIDES of the Iron Curtain recent purges of the most notorious and loyal of the Moscow-trained Communist leaders have stirred up speculation, never long out of mind, about the succession to Stalin. We know that inside the Kremlin there are various clashes of opinion; we can take it for granted that there are fierce conflicts of conviction and ambition behind the blank façade of unanimity; we know that in all important matters Stalin has the final word.

Many expect that as soon as he dies these conflicts will break out in public, or at least that there will be a life and death struggle behind the scenes for the leader's mantle. The recent purges have suggested to some that the overthrow of trusted favorites like Ana Pauker, in Rumania, and Rudolf Slansky, in Czechoslovakia, reflect the victory inside the Kremlin of one faction over another. In the sense that every action taken by the Moscow Politburo has its opponents as well as its advocates this is probably true. But we have no justification for saying that the triumph of a certain line of policy at any one time means the permanent triumph of a certain faction.

What so many fail to realize is that Stalin and his colleagues are even more interested in what will happen when Stalin dies than we are. They want to keep the Soviet Union on an even keel.

The contention that because Stalin secured and consolidated his own personal rule by fighting and killing off his rivals the same sort of thing must happen when he dies simply will not hold water. When Lenin died Stalin held a very powerful position in a Government which was far from united, a Government, moreover, of professional revolutionaries most of whom had no experience of administration, were not Russian patriots, and had no conception of the problems involved in running a modern state—above all of industrializing a backward state like Russia. Stalin has changed all that. He made the Soviet Union into a great industrial power, by bending circumstances to his will. He has been assisted by a group of men who share his general ideas, are deeply immersed in the problems of economy and government, and whose destinies are inextricably linked up with the destiny of their land. When Stalin began his climb to power conditions in the Soviet Union were still largely anarchic. There was very little to lose. There was a clear-cut choice of direction. Stalin chose the direction of socialism in one country or state capitalism and the restoration of the Russian empire. Those who disagreed with him were killed.

When he dies he will leave behind him a mighty apparatus, a modernized state which is a going concern. Its policies may be changed or modernized in detail; but without another revolution the general direction cannot be changed. Stalin's colleagues have no quarrel with this direction; they know no other.



—Miller

MOLOTOV seems likely choice. As Stalin's deputy, he is head of Government in his absence.

FURTHERMORE, for many years past, these men—above all Molotov, Malenkov, and Beria—have had far greater responsibility for running the country in committee than is commonly realized. At one time Stalin certainly thought in terms of a personal successor to inherit his mantle. His first choice was Kirov, whose assassination in Leningrad was the signal for the great purge of the thirties. His second choice was Zhdanov; but he seems to have been discarded long before his death. For some years Molotov has been regarded as the heir, with Malenkov as a fierce competitor.

But in fact there seems to be no justification for assuming that there will be a single successor to Stalin. In the thirties Stalin was not the figure he is today. He was General Secretary of the Communist party, running the country very much from behind the scenes. The man who succeeded him as General Secretary could be expected to carry on his work. And, had Stalin died in the middle of the thirties, there would undoubtedly have been a tremendous struggle for control of the party, and through the party of the Soviet Union.

But all that has changed. In 1939 Stalin assumed the office of Prime Minister, displacing Molotov. Later, he became Minister of Defence and Commander-in-Chief. During the war, he began to build himself up as the father and protector of the Soviet people, so that today he is revered as a demi-god. And nobody, nobody at all, shares this glory, though both Molotov and Malenkov (particularly the last named on his 50th birthday) have been increasingly presented as Stalin's closest and most trusted fellow workers—and with them, to a lesser degree, Beria, the chief policeman.

Stalin has thus come to occupy a position which nobody can inherit. My own guess is that when he dies, or before, there will be a public reversion to committee rule. The mantle of Stalin will be divided. Thus Molotov may very well become Prime Minister once more; Malenkov General Secretary of the party; and so on.

There is every reason to believe that this rule by committee has in fact been practised under Stalin's remote control for a number of years. It was during the war that Stalin's health first began to cause serious concern. Since then he has spent a great part of the time far from Moscow and there have been periodical serious illnesses. Nobody knows how well or how badly Molotov, Malenkov and Beria get on together. Nobody knows who commands the most useful personal following in the Politburo, in the party's central committee and in the party throughout the countryside. All we know is that Molotov is Stalin's first deputy as Prime Minister and acts as head of the Government in his absence; that Malenkov commands the party; that Beria commands the vast police force. These three men have for some years shown sufficient unity to keep Russia going during Stalin's increasingly long absences and to carry the Politburo with them; and we may assume that in self-preservation they will do so for some time after his death.

—Miller

STALIN became head of USSR through coups d'état on Lenin's death. This can't be repeated.

THE REAL problem about Stalin's successor, moreover, is not who is on top in the Politburo now but for how long committee rule without a hero figurehead to command the loyalty and reverence of the people will be able to inspire the Russians, as they need to be inspired. Unless Stalin's successors are willing and able to relax the great strain under which the people of the Soviet Union have labored for so long, sooner or later a crisis will arise which can be settled only by ruthless and decisive action. In such a crisis the Politburo might well split irrevocably. Whether any single individual would show himself in such circumstances to be capable of eliminating his opponents and imposing his will not only on the party but on the people as a whole remains to be seen. But we can be fairly sure that it will be some time after Stalin's death before any such crisis will arise. The men who follow Stalin will be far too deeply concerned with preserving the machinery of Government to go out of their way to provoke it. —*OFNS*

Israeli Communists Take a New Tack

Their main support now comes from Arab minority; their platform is hostility to the State rather than Marxist ideology

by A. V. Sherman

Jerusalem.

THE recent suspension of the Israel Communist daily and an incident in the Knesset [Parliament] between Mr. David Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister, and an Arab Communist member, are two symptoms of the sharpening conflict between the Communist Party and the State here, which may soon have its repercussions on the party's legal position.

Though the immediate cause of the conflict has been occasioned by the Communists' attitude to Israel's defence arrangements, the roots of the matter lie as much in Israel's international re-orientation.

Qol Ha'am, the Communist daily, was suspended for a week under censorship regulations for printing detailed statements on what it alleged to be Israel's air bases. These statements were subsequently reprinted in the Soviet *Red Star* as proof that Israel was a "base for aggression against the Soviet Union".

A few days earlier the Knesset sitting had to be suspended following an uproar when Tewfiq Tubi, an Arab Communist member, formerly a Mufti supporter, began a long denunciation of the Israeli Army, accusing it of robbing, raping and oppressing the Arab villagers. He had been given the floor to speak on quite a different topic, but as his speech was in Arabic, which the Speaker and most members do not understand, he was able to go some distance before those members who know Arabic began to protest.

Ben-Gurion interrupted him, shouting that he was a Mufti agent, other members joined in the uproar, a fight nearly started, and the Speaker suspended the sitting. Such heat had not been felt in the Knesset since Herut attacked the Government's decision to claim compensation from the West German Republic.

—Justus in the Minneapolis Star

"NEW ALADDIN": Soviet propaganda ins Communist anti-Israeli flames despite port restrictions on Russian literature.

BARBED-WIRE entanglements surrounding the Arab section of Israel form grim contrast to ancient serenity of David's Tower a stone's throw from Mt. Zion.

Like *Qol Ha'am's* articles on Israeli military policy, Tewfiq Tubi's speech was meant less for internal consumption than for foreign reproduction. The Communist Party, whose main support now comes from the Arab minority, is becoming increasingly anti-Israel in its policies as Soviet and satellite propaganda against Israel is stepped up.

Whereas Communist movements in the other Middle Eastern countries now support the right-wing nationalist movements, (however reactionary their ideology), in Israel, where Arab nationalist movements are not permitted at present, the Communist Party has taken their place. In Nazareth, centre of an all-Arab district, it polled 48 per cent of the vote at the last election, mainly on a platform of hostility to the State, rather than on a specific Marxist program and ideology.

The Government has sufficient powers under emergency regulations (which remain in force so long as there is no armistice with the Arab Powers) to clamp down on the Communists without further legislation. Though such action would have been inconceivable a couple of years ago, today public opinion is extremely bitter against the Communists, partly because of the bad treatment of Jews, especially of Zionists, in Eastern Europe, and partly because of Communist "pro-Arabism" directed against the State. The fact that the Communists (including Jewish Communists) supported the Mufti's terrorist campaigns in 1936 and again were associated with the Mufti and his Higher Arab Committee in 1946-'47 (tacitly forgotten after the founding of the State here in 1948) is again being recalled.

The recent halting of immigration from Eastern Europe and the recent anti-Jewish note in Communist propaganda there, especially in Czechoslovakia, has caused considerable resentment here, and the Communists, who feel bound to defend every aspect of Communist behavior, naturally come to be regarded as traitors to their own people.

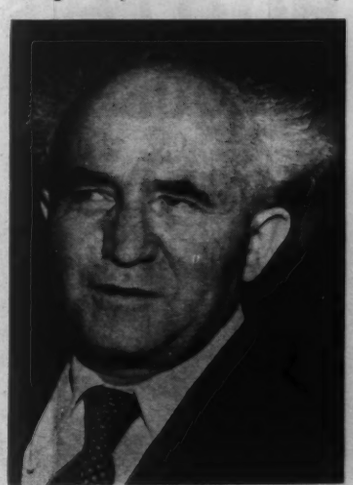
PREMIER Ben-Gurion recently contrasted the position of Jews living in a democracy, where their Jewishness did not conflict with their loyalty as citizens, with their plight in totalitarian States, which "deny recognition of individual freedom, their rule over their inhabitants being unlimited. They determine thought, faith, aesthetics, art. . . The Jews in such countries, like the other inhabitants, have no opportunity to express themselves freely and are, in fact, forcibly cut off from the Jewish people." Such a statement would have been inconceivable even as late as 1950, while Israeli leaders of all parties hoped to remain neutral between East and West, and to be granted free emigration from Eastern Europe.

The Prime Minister is known to have been deeply impressed by Solomon Schwartz's recent work, published in the United States, on "Jews in the Soviet Union", in which the writer outlines the increasingly deteriorating position of Soviet Jewry and considers it to be an inevitable result of Soviet Communism as a whole.

These developments continue to exercise a disintegrating effect on the other left-wing party Mapam, of whose members the majority, though strongly pro-Communist, are also for the most part strongly Zionist and Nationalist; the conflict between those who favor support for the Soviet Union at all costs and those who are being antagonized by Communist anti-Semitism, is growing.

AS A SIGN of the times, the Israeli Government is now restricting the quantity of Russian books the Soviet Legation is allowed to bring in and sell under special arrangements, and large consignments are lying in Haifa warehouses. The Soviet Union has been flooding the country with publications, including political, technical and literary periodicals, and accepting payment in Israeli currency. Now that the U.S. Government has made arrangements for American publications to enter on favorable terms, the Government obviously regards the Soviet literature as less necessary or desirable. When the question was raised in the Knesset, the Cabinet spokesman was able to point out that no Hebrew publications could be imported into the Soviet Union for Soviet Jews.

Israel is rapidly learning the hard way that neutrality is not feasible, and this has inevitably affected the position of the Communists who, by their own admission, are "not a debating society". —*OFNS*



—Miller

BEN-GURION has countered propaganda by pointing out anti-Semitism as feature of totalitarianism, has put Reds on spot.

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PORTS OF CALL

Rx for the Perfect Holiday

by John Creedy

AN IDEAL VACATION should fulfill five conditions. It should (1) take you to an entirely different way of life from your own, preferably to a foreign country. But to get there should not consume (2) too great a proportion of your time off or (3) too big a slice of your vacation funds. There should be (4) the widest possible variety of things to do, and (5) the kinds of things to buy and bring home that are not simple souvenirs, but worth having.

There is one place that so well satisfies these conditions — and many more—that it is known all over the world. It is nothing less than the peak of one of the tallest extinct volcanoes on earth, otherwise known as Bermuda. Shakespeare is thought to have been inspired by tales of the island to write "The Tempest." Mark Twain, who called it "tranquil and contenting," went there year after year. Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, for a long time lived and wrote in Bermuda. And time after time, when they have once discovered it, thousands of Canadians, Americans and Britons make their way back to these gentle, coral dream islands in mid-Atlantic.

As for the five conditions of an ideal vacation—Bermuda is a perfect fit. First, Bermuda is British. Its dollars and cents are pounds, shillings and pence, its baseball games are cricket, and it moves politely through history in British fashion—with one eye cocked respectfully backward. Its business tycoons and their wives are likely to be Sirs and Ladies, and its citizens, black and white, have a predilection for politeness. But Bermuda is no lush, pukka-sahib style colony, with number-one-boys rushing tall drinks to red-faced majors. Nor is it a little corner of Old England.

BERMUDA is like nothing but itself—from its lucid, blue-green water and coral coastline, over its flower-bordered, easygoing roads which are almost always in sight of the sea, to its famous coral houses with their bright white roofs and their shrimp-pink (or blue or yellow) walls. And everywhere is Bermuda's atmosphere of gentle springtime most of the year round.

Second, to reach this tiny and wonderful land takes hardly more of a bite out of most vacation time than a visit to a neighboring province. Planes fly every day to rescue you from home and set you down amid Bermuda's ocean breezes in three to five hours. These planes, incidentally, are extraordinarily well-fitted out with good food and drink. And when it comes time to go home, air travel makes it possible for you to lie on the pink sand and keep your suntan fresh until only a few hours before you have to be back at the office.

Third, a formidable road block to most overseas vacations is the initial cost of getting there. On this score alone, going to Bermuda is like a dream of finding money. The round-trip plane fare is most reasonable. In addition, Bermuda cooperates with special tours which vary from $117 minimum for a week, including transportation, hotels and some meals and theatre, to $183 at the very swank hotels also for a week. It's almost cheap enough to drop down for a weekend—and plenty of people do! And it's safe to say that no travel-spent dollars can take most people so far in space and time from the hot hurrying, high-blood-pressure world they live in.

—Pan American World Airways
TYPICAL BATHING COVE

Fourth, Bermuda is not one of those places which specialize in one thing to do. If you like basking on coral sand and swimming in water that looks like a picture in a boy's book of pirate stories, there's plenty of basking and swimming—but that's not all. If you like golf and tennis, there's plenty of both (at the kind of temperature that doesn't leave you wilted); if you like fishing, the Gulf Stream waters around the islands abound in deep sea sport; if you enjoy just bicycling or sightseeing by carriage or car, there are plenty of places to go and things to see.

Places like the famous aquarium that is known around the world for its dramatic way of presenting the beautiful and surprising (and sometimes alarming) underwater life among the reefs that ring the islands. Places like the Devil's Hole, where you can "catch" on hookless bait some of the biggest things in fins and flippers. Places like the caves, where stalagmites and stalactites thousands of years in the making form cool, enchanted palaces and landscapes of solidified light. There are old places, too, like the Island of St. David's where many of the inhabitants still live almost as they did 300 years ago, or Bermuda's first capital, St. George with its old, shuttered houses and crooked streets.

AND whatever way one prefers to live, from a luxury hotel to a simple guest house (or in one's own cottage) Bermuda, which has known 100 years of catering to visitors, is amply supplied.

Fifth, half the fun of going to England is buying woolens and tweeds; half the fun of France is shopping for perfume priced at what seems to be a song. In Bermuda you do both. Experienced visitors to the islands wouldn't think of buying a lot of clothes to bring down—it's too much fun to get them better and cheaper there. For Bermuda's shops are stocked with the cloth and clothes and shoes and accessories for men and women for which Britain is famous.

—Bermuda News Bureau
BERMUDA LANDSCAPE: EASTWARD OVER GREAT SOUND

LONDON LETTER

The Incredible Red Dean

by P. O'D.

THE BRITISH are surely the most tolerant people in the world. In no other country would that fantastic, that almost incredible person, the "Red" Dean of Canterbury, be allowed to carry on as one of the high dignitaries of the national church. There are other Communists who hold the same views and express them as loudly, but he is the only one who manages to combine the doctrines of Lenin, Marx, and Stalin with the Thirty-Nine Articles, and get away with it.

Every now and then angry demands are made for his removal from office. There are letters in the press and questions in Parliament, but nothing so far has ever come of them. Ministers explain patiently that he cannot be unfrocked—or uncoped or whatever it is they do to recalcitrant deans—because of his political opinions. So long as he performs his ecclesiastical duties and does not commit bigamy or burglary or anything else that could get him into trouble with the police, he is safe.

And no one has ever been able to show that Dr. Hewlett Johnson is other than an efficient and conscientious custodian of Canterbury Cathedral, however much people may wonder what he is doing in that sacred place. There he is, and there he stays. The church can do nothing about it.

Once again the winds of controversy are blowing about his hoary but unbowed head. He has just come back from China with "complete proof" that the forces of the United Nations and especially the Americans are using the methods of germ-warfare in Korea. The "proof" would fool hardly anyone except the Dean himself — if it really fools him — but that does not prevent him from seeking for his pronouncements the widest publicity, and of course getting it.

Once again there are the demands for his removal, the questions in Parliament, even a debate in the House of Lords. This time there is a chance, though a remote one, that he may be forced out. He is a ready and effective tool in the hands of enemy propagandists and as such a menace to national security. The Home Secretary could insist on his dismissal, if he chose. There is no doubt at all that Parliament would give full support. It would be a highly popular decision and long overdue. But Mr. Churchill has pronounced that the Dean's folly is part of the price of our free speech.

OTHER GREAT CITIES here and in America have their tramway systems—streetcars to you—but London has done with them. The last London tram has made its last journey, with crowds to cheer it on its groaning way, and climb aboard it to pinch everything removable as souvenirs. Now there remains only to pull up the tracks and take down the trolley-wires and gradually remove the traces of an old and popular London institution.

It is more than 90 years since an American of the appropriate name of Train first started a horse-drawn streetcar in London — from the Marble Arch to Notting Hill Gate. There was such an outcry against it, that it had to be given up for a while. Now it has all had to be given up again—this time for good.

EVERYONE knows that the population of Britain is growing older — not in the ordinary and obvious sense that everything alive grows older, but in the disquieting sense that the average age is steadily going up. Everyone knows this who thinks about such matters at all, but not many have realized how far the process has gone and how rapidly it is accelerating. The preliminary report of the Census authorities makes this uncomfortably clear. It raises serious and difficult problems.

It is of course too soon to expect a complete analysis of the Census taken in April, 1951. What the Census statisticians have done is to take a one-per-cent sample of the returns — roughly 500,000 records — and draw from this sample such conclusions as seem valid for the whole Census. Any corrections that may have to be made later are likely to be slight.

What this sample analysis shows is that the proportion of men over 65 and of women over 60—the ages of retirement and of old-age pensions—has greatly increased, while the proportion of young men and women has fallen. *As compared with the Census of 1901, there are actually fewer persons in the age groups 15 to 43, though the total population of the country has gone up by 12 million.* In the same period the number of people of 65 and older has increased threefold.

If these trends continue, as there seems to be little doubt they will, the time will soon come when the support of their durable and persistent elders will become an almost intolerable burden on the working part of the population. There are countries where such problems are solved with a ruthless efficiency, but this is not one of them. At the same time, there are many who wonder why the official age of retirement should be set so early as 65 for men and 60 for women.

Why not five years later in each case? Many exceptions would naturally have to be made for illness and premature old age. But many a man of 65 is still capable of a good day's work, though perhaps not the same work he did when he was 25. Why should he not be encouraged to do it, or at any rate be allowed to? It would be better for him and for the nation as a whole. One of these days he may have to.

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Let's Stick to the Guns

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

partly the laudable one of seeing that the public money was not squandered, partly—and far too obviously—the political one of finding a stick to beat the Government with. It also reflected an unhappiness about the high cost of defence. It was a circuitous route by which to attack something which members lacked courage to attack openly.

The important question which the MP's forgot to ask was whether the defence program was progressing as fast as it should. It wouldn't have taken them very long to find out that it isn't.

A review has recently been made of the major production programs. In too many cases the result of the review has been to establish new target dates, which are invariably more remote than the original ones. This time it is hoped that they are realistic.

The RCN has a program of 14 anti-submarine escort vessels of a new Canadian design, which has been repeatedly proclaimed to be the best in the world. Keels of six of the ships have been laid. When the program was started the Navy hoped to have the first of the ships commissioned in the fall of this year, 1952. Now Mr. Claxton has admitted that not even the first of them—under construction at Canadian Vickers, and to be fitted with British-built propulsion gear—will be ready for commissioning until 1954. It should be ready for trials late in 1953.

The RCAF has been planning the air defence of Canada around the new Canadian-designed and Canadian-built long-range interceptor, the CF-100. It, again, has been repeatedly proclaimed to be the best fighter of its class in the world. The RCAF expected and planned to have at least one training squadron equipped with CF-100's, based at North Bay, in operation last spring. In fact it will not have its first CF-100 squadron until *next* spring.

THE PRODUCTION of the CF-100 and of the Orenda engine, which will power it, is now coming along nicely at Avro Canada. But it is already a year behind, and the major problem of equipping the CF-100 for rocket-firing has yet to be solved.

At Canadair in Montreal, where they are building only the airframes for the F86 Sabre and where they got their blueprints from the U.S., they are still held down to little more than half their capacity. Output cannot be stepped up until increased supplies of jet-engines and government-furnished parts are available from the U.S. And by that time, or soon after, the Orenda will be coming along in sufficient numbers to equip the F86's—a change which enormously improves the fighter's performance.

The commitment which the Canadian and United States governments have made to supply F86's to the United Kingdom, where they are badly needed for the West's first line of fighter defence, cannot be met until next year at the earliest.

Here in Canada the RCAF urgently needs new construction for its training—both for itself and for NATO. Yet tenders are not yet called for work that should be done this summer. The new firing-range at Cold Lake in northern Saskatchewan-Alberta is held up: its use may be delayed another year.

These are glaring examples. It would be unfair to say that they are typical. But it would also be untrue to say that they are unique. There are many reasons for them. Some (such as the production-rate at Canadair) result entirely from delay in getting components from the United States. Others result from the unprecedented complexity of the new weapons. Others again arise from the insistence of the Services on incorporating every last gadget that appears on the drawing-board. Most of them also reveal how ill-informed was the optimism of the official prophecies of a year or two ago.

To point out the laggards without commending the achievements would be unfair. Devoted production men, both in the Department of Defence Production and in the defence plants, have remarkable and largely unnoticed achievements to their credit. But the most serious lags, as the above examples show, are in the largest and most important programs—ships, aircraft and electronics. There is nothing whatever to be complacent about in the progress of our rearmament. We shall not accomplish, we cannot possibly accomplish, within three years the program which we originally set out to achieve.

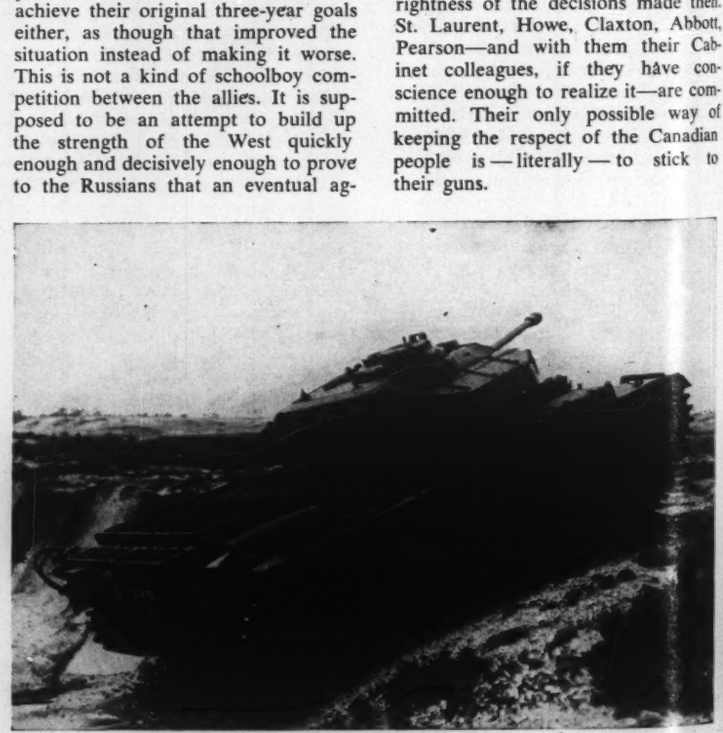
The Government will no doubt explain that none of our allies will achieve their original three-year goals either, as though that improved the situation instead of making it worse. This is not a kind of schoolboy competition between the allies. It is supposed to be an attempt to build up the strength of the West quickly enough and decisively enough to prove to the Russians that an eventual aggression cannot pay.

The slowness of Canadian production—not, perhaps, slower than any one else's, but slower than the authorities promised—means two things for the taxpayer. It means that it will certainly be 1955 rather than 1954 before we can switch, all being well, to a care-and-maintenance basis. And it means that the heaviest defence costs are in the future, not in the present.

The lesser politicians' chatter about tax cuts next year is as irresponsible as it could be. Only the most unconscionable interference with the proper flow of defence production can reduce defence costs next year. If the program is allowed to develop along the sensible, logical and economical lines which every private businessman would follow, it cannot help costing *more* next year.

SOME SAVINGS can be made in general stores. In the first urgent rush over-generous allowances were made for some mobilization stores, which can now be taken into current consumption. But the big production programs—ships, aircraft, electronics and guns—which constitute probably two-thirds of the expenditure, these will not be fully rolling until next year. Their heaviest financial impact will come in 1953-54, not 1952-53.

This is inevitable if the resolution of the Government stands firm against the pressure of the lesser politicians. The arguments which Mr. St. Laurent and his chief ministers put to the Canadian people eighteen months ago are still every bit as valid as they were then. Nothing has changed in the international situation to make Western rearmament less necessary than it was then. Everything that has happened since has confirmed the rightness of the decisions made then. St. Laurent, Howe, Claxton, Abbott, Pearson—and with them their Cabinet colleagues, if they have conscience enough to realize it—are committed. Their only possible way of keeping the respect of the Canadian people is — literally — to stick to their guns.



—Miller

CANADIANS are using *Centurion* tanks supplied by British at over $100,000 each. It is powered by a Meteor engine. U.S. *Patton 48's* cost $260,000, have power steering, no gear shifting. Both weigh 50 tons, heavy firepower.

Canada's Film Musicians

by Gerald Pratley

THERE ARE five composers in this country who make a career of writing scores for Canadian documentary films. It is ironic that while some composers say it is not possible to earn a living here by composing, these five are working full time and making a regular living from writing for films, a medium once shunned by serious-minded artists. In Canada today more new music and advanced ideas are to be found in the work of our film composers than in the concert hall. The five are Robert Fleming, Eldon Rathburn, Maurice Blackburn, William McCauley and Louis Applebaum. In spite of Canada's lack of a feature film industry these five are kept fully engaged in composing for the documentary films made by the National Film Board and Crawley Films, both situated in Ottawa.

The writing of film music is a highly specialized form of construction in which the composer has to adapt the academic principles and theories of composition to meet the many requirements of visual situations. The film composer works under several complicated conditions: the closely defined timing required in each musical sequence; the pointing up of ideas to supplement the scene in question; the long hours of work demanded by close deadlines; the budget limitations which decide the size of the orchestra and the repetitious screening of the film. In addition, there are the frequent conferences with directors and sound technicians to determine their ideas about the way in which the score should fit the film.

Robert Fleming has been with the National Film Board for six years. Born in Prince Albert, Sask., in 1921, he studied at Saskatoon, and later at the Royal College of Music, London, under Arthur Benjamin and Herbert Howells. At the Royal Conservatory, Toronto, he studied composition with Dr. Healey Willan. He has been with the NFB since 1946 as composer and pianist. Together with the work of his fellow-composers at the Board his thoughtful and scholarly writing has been combined with a sensitive understanding of cinema and a progressive outlook which has considerably broadened the use of music in films.

ELDON Rathborn appears to have a special talent for composing music for and about children. Born in Queenstown, NB, in 1916, he is composer, pianist and organist who joined the NFB in 1947. He received his musical education in Saint John and later studied composion with Dr. Healey Willan at the Royal Conservatory, Toronto. He has won several distinguished awards for composition and is a Licentiate of Music at McGill University. An extremely versatile musician he is equally at home at the organ, writing in a jazz style, or composing for film and concert hall. He has a great gift for melody, a quiet sense of humor and a fluid technique with an unflagging rhythmic vitality. He goes to the movies constantly to study the work of other film composers and in discussing their scores he reveals his wide and authoritative grasp on the use of music in films.

Maurice Blackburn's music is distinctively French-Canadian in style and contains a deep sincerity and feeling for his native Province. Born in Quebec in 1914, he received his musical education in Quebec and later won a composer's scholarship from the Government of Quebec and spent two years at the New England Conservatory, Boston. He went to the NFB in 1942, leaving in 1946 for Paris to study with Nadia Boulanger, and returning to the NFB in 1948. In the main his music is characterized by a lightness of touch thoughtfully conceived. Like his colleagues he is a facile and imaginative composer who finds writing film music an exacting and challenging craft. In 1949 he scored "Le Gros Bill," a full-length French-Canadian film. Well known are his many concert works and choral arrangements which include an operetta and several pieces for piano and large and small orchestras. He also wrote the incidental music for "Ti-Coq." At present he is working in synthetic sound with Norman McLaren.

WILLIAM McCauley is the newest of Canada's film composers having taken up this career with Crawley Films in 1949. He is composer, pianist and trombonist. Born in Tofield, Alberta in 1917, he received his musical education in Toronto with Dr. Healey Willan and the late Professor Leo Smith. He is a Bachelor of Music, and in the comparatively short time he has been writing film music he has shown himself to be a conscientious and versatile musician quick to respond to the demands of film-music.

The best known of the five is Louis Applebaum, who, unique among our composers, started his musical career as a film composer with the NFB and went on to score five of Hollywood's finest films. He could have joined Hollywood's select school of composers, but he preferred to stay in Canada. He was staff composer and music director for the NFB from 1942 until 1947 and is now the Board's music consultant. His film scores are highly regarded in London and New York and he has attained the enviable reputation of being one of the finest composers writing for films.

The CBC recently broadcast five programs devoted to the scores of these composers, believing that their work should be heard, recognized and appreciated as are other forms of composition. There was no desire to rearrange it or present it as concert music: it was performed in its original form, brought out from the background to the foreground to assume a life of its own. The purpose of the series was to try to dispel some of the old-fashioned ideas and prejudices still held in some musical circles that film music and its composers are unworthy of serious attention; and that film music is without meaning or value when heard apart from the film.

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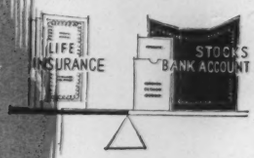

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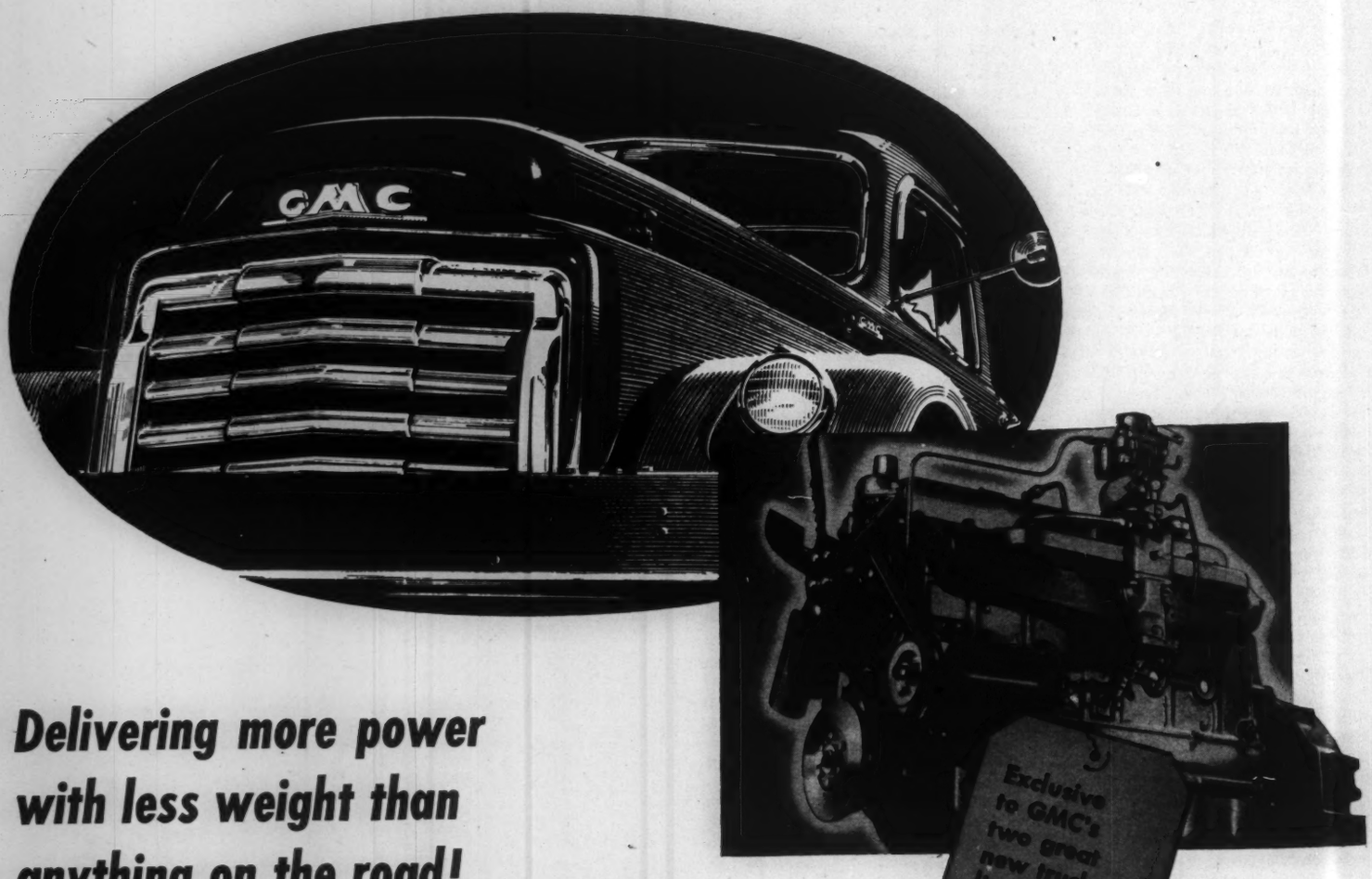

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Shortening "Long Distance"

by Anthony Sinclair

TELEPHONE ENGINEERS, like most progressive people, tend to put efficiency before entertainment. The more inclusive party lines, for example, are being steadily reduced in both length and number, and something similar is happening to long-distance service. One of the pleasures of placing a long-distance call—provided the purpose were not too urgent—used to be listening in on the journey. You summoned your own operator, told her where you wanted to go, and then followed her making contact with maybe three or four colleagues before the final connection was achieved. Your call could provide an exhilarating sense of travel, it impressed on you that you were getting your money's worth of long-distance cable. But it did take time.

This too is on its way out, and the Canadian telephone organizations are at present in the middle of a major program of long-distance reorganization, based on what they call operator toll-dialing. It is closely linked with a similar program in the States, and is designed to fit ultimately into a plan of continent-wide application.

There is nothing new in the long-distance operator dialing direct to the called telephone; the technique has existed in Canada in a limited way since the Thirties. Now, however, both scope and method have greatly altered.

The present project is based on the division of the United States and Canada into some 90 areas, each with a separate calling code, and these in turn are grouped into eight regions.

WHEN THE PLAN is in full operation a number of alternative routes will be available for each long-distance call made in Canada. Special switching equipment known as "crossbar type" will be located at major strategic centres. "Remembering" the calling code as it seeks out the best route, the equipment solves any traffic problem on its own initiative, and a call can be put through, however far its destination, in a matter of seconds. But except for these installations the service will be provided through the familiar "step-by-step" dial equipment.

Operator toll-dialing improves service and also helps to limit the costs of operation. It reduces the need for intermediate long-distance operators, and shortens the unprofitable time during which the circuit has to be kept open to place the call. The high initial cost of the equipment will be justified by such savings.

In Canada today a number of operator toll-dialing networks are being built up steadily. There is, for example, two-way toll-dialing between Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary and Edmonton. The Bell Telephone Company, operating in Ontario and Quebec, reckons that a quarter of its daily total of 250,000 long-distance calls are handled by operator toll-dialing. The majority of circuits in the key triangle of Montreal-Ottawa-Toronto are now equipped for direct dialing.

So far there is only limited direct dialing to points across the border, and most of it is local in character. The Windsor, Ont., operators are the exception; with direct access to the cross-bar equipment in Chicago, they are able to dial calls as far afield as California. Both in the east and west, however, plans are afoot for much more extensive Canada-U.S. connections in the coming 18 months.

The phrase toll-dialing is becoming something of an anachronism, for most operators now tap out their numbers on a set of keys rather like those of an adding machine.

THE TERRIFIC telephone expansion of the last few years has brought many new exchanges into being, and, chiefly to fit them into the toll-dialing scheme, the Bell has been using the "2-5" numbering method—two letters and five figures producing, for example, EMpire 3-7361. Because of the continent-wide nature of the toll-dialing plan, the choice of suitable names has been especially complicated.

New names have to be easy to understand, pronounce and spell by operators and customers alike across the continent, whatever their language of origin. There can be serious disadvantages if the English and French pronunciations are notably different. The present Montreal exchange, VEndome, if requested according to its French pronunciation in the States, might well be dialed VO. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has issued a book of 300 suggested exchange names in order to achieve as much uniformity as possible, but these have to be weighed against local preference. French Canada does not take too kindly to exclusively English names.

But happy compromises can usually be found. MOntcalm 3 is a new Quebec City exchange which is not on the list, but no operator, it is felt, can go far astray with it, and MArquette, found in both Montreal and Quebec, is close enough to the listed name MArket to get by without trouble. Near Montreal the telephone company has made the public relations gesture of producing French and English names with the same initial letters for two neighboring communities of different background which are served by the same equipment. The St. Lambert exchange has been named ORchard 1 and the Longueuil exchange, ORleans 5. Local preferences are satisfied and the switches know no difference.

The engineers thus have to proceed from their intricate blueprints to the almost as ticklish job of giving their newborn exchange an acceptable name, and the crop of new names is an outward sign of the considerable technical development which is going on behind the scenes.

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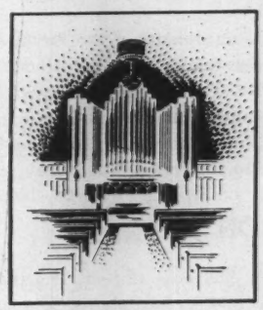

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Altogether over £4 million of the company's money has been spent since the end of the war, with considerable commitments still outstanding. The decision to order this new equipment was taken quite irrespective of the present rearmament programme. This expenditure was only possible because profits had been retained in the business in past years.

Your company has a national responsibility in the defence programme, and we have an obligation to carry out the wishes of the Government even to the extent of sacrifice of commercial enterprise. For future business we shall have to rely more than ever on the superior quality of Rolls-Royce engines.

The essential task at the moment is the re-equipment of the Royal Air Force, but in this it is to be sadly regretted that orders were not placed in time for various types of British aircraft, with the result that the Royal Air Force is being supplied with American equipment. This is not only a matter which concerns the pride of the British industry; it is only to be expected that our allies will adopt equipment similar to the Royal Air Force.

AERO DIVISION

Delivery of Avon engines from Glasgow has now started. The plans for the manufacture of our engines by the Bristol Aeroplane Company Limited, D. Napier and Sons Limited, and The Standard Motor Company Limited, have gone ahead and we continue to give them every assistance.

We welcome the scheme of "Super Priorities" which was announced only this year. It is of particular interest to us because most of the aircraft on the list use our engines.

We have this year obtained, against American competition, an order for a very considerable number of Nene engines for training aircraft to be built in Canada. This order probably represents the largest single dollar order ever secured by the British aircraft industry. We are in process of establishing a factory near Montreal for the assembly and—with the help of existing Canadian facilities—the manufacture of Nene engines.

Our existing arrangements in Australia have continued to operate satisfactorily. Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation are in production of the Nene engine and are well under way towards producing Avon engines.

Merlin engines have continued to give a good account of themselves in civil operation and we have built up experience which will be of great value to us as our commitments increase with the operation of the Dart/Viscount and the Avon/Comet. We fully realise the obligations to stand behind these engines and provide service and spares on a world-wide basis.

Production and development of the "B" range of military and commercial petrol engines is proceeding actively, and the Motor Car Division is also carrying out other development work in connection with the military side of the rearmament programme.

We have had to adapt our policy at home and abroad to the market conditions, which are often complicated by political considerations.

U.S. BUSINESS

Pressure On Pressure Groups

by R. L. Hoadley

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is leaving no stone unturned these days in his attempt to inform the public fully on the growing trend for greater tariff protection at the expense of U.S. international commitments.

The Tariff Commission recently moved to restrict imports of garlic from Italy. Ordinarily, this would cause no great stir at the White House. But the President and the State Department saw an opportunity to dramatize the tariff trend and they lost no time in doing so. In overruling the Tariff Commission President Truman took occasion to deliver a stern lecture on "protectionist pressures" within the U.S.

In a 1,800 word statement Truman said the Commission has been flooded with escape-clause applications. Then he pointed out that the Trade Agreements Act was enacted to promote foreign trade, not to contract it. He warned the Commission that "escape clauses, peril points and the like must be administered realistically despite protectionist pressure."

Earlier, he appointed a large committee of industry, labor and farm leaders to undertake a special survey of U.S. trade policies. This group is expected to consider customs reform and the Trade Agreements Act, which expires June 12, 1953, among other trade policies.

The President, in his charge to the committee, spoke bitingly of the cheese barrier set up by Congress, showing that he expected them to mince no words in their denunciation of this type of tariff rigging.

This increase in restrictive curbs stems from a number of causes. While the conduct of foreign affairs is entrusted to the President, the Congress has attempted to retain control of foreign-trade policy. As a result there have been many conflicts between the executive and legislative branches of the Government on foreign policy and foreign trade policy.

Another cause of trade curbs is the weakness of legislators in dealing with pressure groups. Some Congressmen often subordinate the national welfare to requests from their constituents; this happened in the case of the cheese barrier which a small group of dairy farmers were able to get enacted into law despite stiff opposition.

This catering to small minorities is compounded by the common political practice of "log-rolling" whereby a Congressman may agree to support a bill in which he has no interest in return for support for his own pet measures.

Taxes and Spending

THE VALUE of goods and services produced in the United States last year was 16 per cent higher than for 1950, but the old story of higher prices applies again to cut the actual increase in goods and services to about half the increase shown in value terms.

The figures, published by the U.S. Department of Commerce, indicate that American consumers were playing hard to get and hard to please throughout most of last year. In spite of higher incomes (12 per cent higher) and prices, personal expenditure on consumption increased by only 7 per cent over the 1950 level. The ever-busy tax gatherer was responsible for some of the restraint at the market place, but personal savings were also up sharply. They increased to $17 billion from $11.2 billion in 1950 and $6.7 billion in 1949.

THE GOVERNMENT'S statisticians also noted that spending done by Washington was the most important factor in stepping up the economic activity of the country. In 1951, Government expenditures reached $62.5 billion—nearly one fifth of the value of the gross national product, compared with $49.1 billion a year earlier.

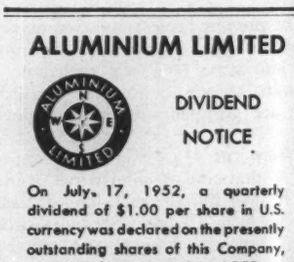
The statisticians also gave some indication of where much of the money Washington spent came from: Between 1949 and 1951, corporation profits—before taxes—increased by $15.8 billion. When the taxes had been paid, however, the increase amounted to $2.4 billion.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

On July. 17, 1952, a quarterly dividend of $1.00 per share in U.S. currency was declared on the presently outstanding shares of this Company, payable September 8th, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business August 18th, 1952.

Montreal July 17th, 1952 — JAMES A. DULLEA, Secretary



Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

Salesman Looks at Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

is being recognized. If this folly can be avoided in all our primary industries, nothing will stop the march of the Canadian economy.

The first rule of salesmanship is "Know your product". Do we know our Canada? We may think that we do, but a great deal has happened and is happening in this broad land of ours. Within the last few months everyone, from Halifax to Victoria, has heard about the Kitimat development in British Columbia. This enterprise, because of its immensity and value—and thanks to the highly competent Public Relations Department of the Company—has been blazoned across the land.

But how many know that there are plans to develop sufficient horsepower on the St. John River to transform New Brunswick industrially; that there are mineral finds in the Maritime Provinces and in the Gaspé Peninsula which may prove to be comparable in importance with the discoveries in the Canadian Arctic and in Labrador? How many Canadians East of the Rockies know about the tremendous power projects under construction on the Columbia River?

All this is part of the story of the Canadian product, which the good salesman of Canada must know. There are many other things—in scientific research, in labor relations, in political problems at home and abroad, in the ever-changing sphere of human relationships—which it is essential we must study and understand if we are to make our citizenship the thing that it ought to be. Today, as never before, knowledge is power. Without knowledge we are fumbling in the dark.

▼

ALTHOUGH the newspaper is unquestionably the principal instrument of adult education, only a small handful of really outstanding Canadian papers make a practice of carrying news of all parts of Canada —I mean social, industrial, economic and cultural news—and news of fires and floods, slayings, suicides and so forth. Surely a broader coverage of Canadian news is required if Canadian journalism is to fulfil its role—to play its part in shaping our destiny.

On the other hand, do we as citizens appreciate the very high standard of editorial writing in our newspapers and magazines and devote to this medium of education the time that we should? Are we not perhaps in this country, in this age, too busy *doing* things to give sufficient time and effort to *thinking* and to *study?*

Unquestionably one of our most critical problems today—now gradually being recognized as a matter of emergency—is that of "selling" Canada to the immigrant. There are some who say that our immigration policy should be more selective—to these I would answer that there are all sorts of jobs to be done in Canada, jobs that require all sorts of people. Others may say that we should not bring in more people while some Canadians are unemployed. I ask you—what manner of Canadians are they who fear the competition of refugees from war-torn Europe?

No, I subscribe to the idea that this is Canada's century and that in this great country, so richly endowed, a million years ago, with nature's treasures and now with investment capital from all corners of the globe, in the long-term view, labor is the only thing in short supply.

In our Salesman's "Bible", after "knowledge of product" there comes *faith and confidence* in one's product. Our degree of faith in Canada reveals whether our citizenship is static or dynamic; whether we are active or sluggish Canadians.

To businessmen, this mass of new population is a big new market—700,000 since the war. To citizens, this mass is a collection of people, every one of whom is crying out for a welcome, a helping hand—for friendship. The education and integration of these people is important to the future of Canada.

Gaspe's "Great Day" Dawns

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

not the most important visitors who turned up in the wake of the highway engineers and the modernizers of the railroad. The real VIPs of the renaissance are rugged-looking gentlemen, wearing flannel shirts and high boots, who appear briefly in coastal towns and then disappear into the interior.

The newcomers are prospectors, drillers and geologists, and what they come seeking are rock outcrops showing mineralization, and oil-seeps, found in abundance throughout the mountainous eastern interior. Reports which date back for decades bespeak the mineral and petroleum possibilities of the region. From time to time mine-makers and oil-drillers had attempted to tap the underground resources back of the coast. Time and again lack of communications defeated their purpose, making exploration costs prohibitive. But now the Government in Quebec has made clear that as and when economic deposits are found, roads will be built to enable the developer to bring in his heavy machinery and to give him all-year contact with the outside world. The simplest way to live up to such a promise is to build the roads, and that Quebec has done, as witness the Government's current expenditure of at least $1 million, to drive an all-year, all-weather road into the properties of Gaspé Copper Mines, 57 miles up-country from the town of Gaspé.

The Noranda-owned Gaspé Copper illustrates better than any other single factor what has happened in Quebec's far eastern corner. The outsize Noranda empire, based in Toronto, but whose principal operations have always been in Quebec, has already exposed huge low-grade copper ore bodies. Months ago these were assessed as containing 57 million tons of smelter ore. A figure of more than $25 million has been earmarked to bring into production one of the biggest operations in the country, starting with a daily tonnage of 6,500 tons of rock. The ore lies in several main zones, on lower and upper Needle Mountain, at Copper Mountain and in what is called the "middle zone", where a great copper pancake, approximately 200 feet thick, 200 feet wide and 1,500 feet long, will be quarried for smelting from a huge open pit. From where the ore lies to the Gulf of St. Lawrence coast at Mont Louis, where a year-around harbor will be established, is a road-haul of only a few miles.

Thus Noranda will have cheap water haulage to and from the ports of the world, a fact which points up the accessibility of this long thumb of Canada so long regarded as one of its most inaccessible corners. The Noranda development alone means a community of at least 5,000 people for eastern Gaspé.

This newly realized accessibility has rekindled the drive for oil in the peninsula. When drills bored down in the past, their operators appeared to think of an internal market, reached by the long overland haul. Now their eyes are on the sea. The talk is of ocean leviathans bunkering in Gulf harbors, of tankers filling up at the end of a 20-mile pipeline, to haul crude and refined products away to the markets of Quebec and Montreal, or east down the coast to the Maritimes.

Given a little drillers' luck, the wildcatters aver, oil from Gaspé could reach nearby markets at prices which would turn western boosters green with envy. In the light of the record, it is a well justified search.

Earlier explorers found oil at shallow depths, but never in quantity to justify major production. The trouble, insist such experts as Fred W. Bates and Robert R. Copeland, Jr., of Bates and Cornell, is that the drillers never did go deep enough. Instead they quit in the higher formations when the drills should have plunged down to 6,000 feet or lower, until the bits broke through the coral reef into the Silurian formation, which the geologists say *will*, not *may*, bring the gushers in.

THE SCOFFERS never did include one French-speaking businessman of Montreal and Sorel, a former defence-industries expediter on C. D. Howe's staff. Louis D. Hudon believed that oil could be found in commercial quantity in Gaspé. For years he studied the records of the early delvers. Finally he came in contact with those other believers, the Bates and Cornell company. Together they teamed up in the Peninsular Oil venture. Today their drillers are well below the 5,000 foot horizon, heading for the coral reef.

On all this humming activity, mine-wise, oil-wise and fish-wise, the Government at Quebec looks with benign high optimism. With good fortune on its side, Gaspé may well be one of the most favored regions in the Canada of tomorrow.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 260

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-five cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the second day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of July, 1952.

By order of the Board.
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., July 15, 1952.

RESOURCES OF CANADA INVESTMENT FUND LTD.
FONDS DE PLACEMENT DES RESSOURCES DU CANADA LTÉE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a seventh dividend of SIX CENTS per share has been declared on the outstanding Common Shares of the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on 15th August, 1952 to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st July, 1952, and to holders of Bearer Share Warrants on presentation of Coupon No. 7 on and after 15th August, 1952, as stated therein.

By order of the Board.
ADJUTOR SAVARD,
Assistant Secretary.
Montreal, Que., 28th July, 1952.

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This revolutionary new Dehumidifier takes moisture from the air, condenses and collects it — all electrically. Ideal for game rooms, libraries, laundries, etc. Meter-Miser mechanism has 5-Year Protection Plan.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Very Gentle Taking-Apart

ROCKING HORSE JOURNEY — by C. E. Vulliamy—*Michael Joseph*—$3.00.

by J. L. Charlesworth

IN A REFERENCE to Sir Roger L'Estrange in one of this entertaining collection of essays, Mr. Vulliamy speaks of him as "an accomplished, witty and acrimonious man of letters." It is a description that might fairly be applied to Mr. Vulliamy himself.

The essays, discursive and lightly instructive, are connected by a central theme, the British character, or rather, as the author says, "certain aspects of that character which have impressed themselves upon me more forcibly than others, many of them observable in the British of today, and others which are now a part, and often a sadly neglected part, of our history."

In passing, the essayist contrives to tread on several persons' corns. The Welsh may not forgive him for unearthing the scurrilous twelfth-century remarks of Giroldus Cambrensis, who wrote: "They do not engage in marriage until they have tried, by previous cohabitation, the disposition and particularly the fecundity, of the person with whom they are engaged." Mr. Vulliamy's comment is: "This indeed proves the antiquity of a practice that is common enough in modern Wales and one that is doubtless related to agrarian conditions: I would not care to describe it as invariably commendable."

The Scots are dealt with fairly gently, but may lack appreciation for the sentence: "Scotsmen talk much of Burns, who provides them with an excuse for periodic insobriety, even if his poems are seldom read; but the ordinary Scotsman knows little about his infinitely more astonishing compatriot, David Hume." Canadians, who occasionally suffer from the voices the CBC insists on importing from London, may endorse enthusiastically these remarks: "Apart from the harrowing noises which are poured out so persistently by the BBC, we have an assortment of cracked and ugly voices without equal in any other part of the earth. Even the most ungodly people of the most remote archipelagoes have no vocal sounds more horrible."

Readers who do not take themselves or their prejudices too seriously should get from the essays almost as much pleasure as Mr. Vulliamy evidently had in writing them.

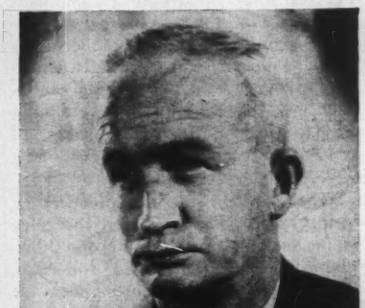
Florida Off-key

SIX ANGELS AT MY BACK — by John Bell Clayton—*Macmillan*—$1.79.

by Melwyn Breen

THIS IS a highly derivative novel that is set in Florida and has as its chief characters a husband and wife and husband's best friend, all of them very poor and all of them under 21. The three of them are involved in a struggle for marginal existence that leads them to eventual involvement in the murder of a wealthy Northerner with a mansion on one of the Keys. There is a deal of violence of the peculiar kind that pervades the chronicles of the shiftless and backward South.

To mention a few of the author's derivations the book is at once an



"Six Angels at My Back"
JOHN BELL CLAYTON

imitation of Caldwell, a vulgarization of Faulkner and a parody of Steinbeck in the "Cannery Row" phase. Told in the first person, there is some automatic evocation of a poor boy's attitude to the very rich vacationers in this essentially feudal set-up, the Florida pleasure resort. There is some pretty fast action of the shotgun-blasting-at-close-range sort but little else to recommend it.

The production of this book marks a new policy on the part of the publisher. Its cover is slick-paper but its type and format are the same as it would be in a hard-cover edition: hence the low price.

Affair of State

ASSIGNMENT STUFFED SHIRT—by Rene MacColl—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.75.

by Bernard Keble

MR. MacCOLL is not quite an Evelyn Waugh, but he has a good deal of that writer's dexterity at exaggerating ever so slightly, in the interests of good clean fun, the common peculiarities of British government officials of the third grade, American newspaper reporters and newspaper owners, and any other people who can be readily worked into a tour of the British Fruit and Vegetable Processing Mission through the United States. Many people should be amused (especially those who have seen something of such missions) and nobody need be annoyed.

Mr. MacColl pulls a leg whenever he sees a foot, regardless of race, sex, color, religion or previous condition of servitude. In the last chapter it appears that the mission should never have gone to America at all; they were intended for Australia. We hope they go there and that Mr. MacColl does another book.

Sound Scholarship

THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS — *Doubleday* —$5.00.

THE SCULPTURES OF AUGUSTE RODIN — —*Doubleday*—$3.75.

by Paul Duval

THESE two new art publications are graphic reminders that their publisher, the Phaidon Press, retains its position as a world leader among art-book houses. Since before World War II, when it was located in Vienna, Phaidon has issued a host of titles, covering every period of painting. The two latest volumes are marked by the series' usual finesse of production and soundness of scholarship.

"The French Impressionists" is illustrated by 50 full color plates of commendable fidelity to the original paintings. The reproductions present a typical cross-section of impressionist themes and techniques. The seven artists represented, some of them by masterpieces, are Edouard Manet, Claude Monet, Alfred Sisley, Camille Pissarro, Paul Cézanne, Edgar Dégas and Auguste Renoir. The foreword to the pictures, written by English critic Clive Bell, is an illuminating introduction to the creators and nature of impressionism. Incidentally, it is pleasant to see the Canadian master, J. W. Morrice, given his just mention in a survey of this important movement of modern painting.

"Work was the law of Rodin's life" —this statement, made in the foreword to the new Phaidon edition of that master sculptor's achievement, is amply borne out by the 96 large illustrations of his monumental art. It is with a sense of wonder that we realize today with what bitter controversies these now popular sculptures were once met. Perhaps, today we are in a better position to understand Rodin's statement: "That which one commonly calls ugliness in nature may in art become great beauty . . . In art only those things that are characterless are ugly . . ." This handsome new volume amply makes immediate the great sculptor's allegiance to that premise.

Life as Lived

THE PAST PRESENTED—by A. M. Low—*British Book Service*—$3.00.

by Franklin Davey McDowell

PROFESSOR LOW has made a unique and useful contribution to a better understanding of the English people's social and political development. In his 253 pages, illustrated with authentic sketches of houses, clothing, weapons and various forms of transport, with interesting and in-

ormative glossaries, plus an excellent ndex of nine pages, he has briefly nd entertainingly sketched life as it as lived down through the ages.

For once we cordially agree with he jacket announcement that "this is book of entirely new character. It nables the reader to see in a moment ow the English lived at any period f history from 1066 to the present ay." Indeed, we find this an under-atement. It modestly omits refer-nce to a graphic condensation of nglish social development for a thou-nd years prior to the Norman Con-uest when the country was under axon. Roman and British tribal rule.

The author has wisely omitted loying references to historic dates, attles and diplomatic miscalcula-ons of kings; but if you want to know hat the people wore, how they lived nd what they ate, it's all set down, ven to the forgotten names of cloth-ng, foodstuffs and drinks, not omit-ng how they were made. The great ocial and political changes are told riefly but graphically, as are the vir-ues, vices and nicknames of the ulers, and many interesting and little-nown facts are brought back.

In a work of such an original char-cter, it is natural that the reader hould regret certain omissions. To ention but one, we feel that Profes-or Low should have touched upon he impact that the true longbow, hat "machine-gun" of the Middle ges, made upon the character of the eomen. It was Edward I, a military nd political genius, that made the ve-foot bow of the Welsh England's ational weapon of war. Moreover, is, in turn, made the freemen of ngland invincible fighters at home nd abroad, a circumstance that they rasped and exploited to the full.

But such omissions in no way de-act from the value of this unusual ook which is at once timely and nportant. For if we are to retain our ay of life in these troublesome times, is essential that we must know what e are defending. "The Past Present-l" tells this story in a compact, riking way.

Need of Faith

IENTISM, MAN AND RELIGION — by D. R. G. Owen—*Ryerson—$4.00.*

y B. K. Sandwell

A PROFESSOR of philosophy at both Trinity and Wycliffe in oronto here maintains, in language t too difficult for the intelligent and reful reader, the thesis that science n deal only with the quantitative nd so cannot see the human spirit), d is restricted to the study of me-anized behavior (and so is blind to eedom and to human values).

As a handy and intelligible account the social forces which produced e scientism of twentieth-century ommunism on the one hand and urgeois-ism on the other, this book s great merits. It does not claim eat originality. Needless to say, the thor's regard for science, in its oper place and for its proper ends, as great as anyone's; and he holds t "the reconciliation of science and igion is only possible . . . in terms this Christian faith."

Of the Two Devils

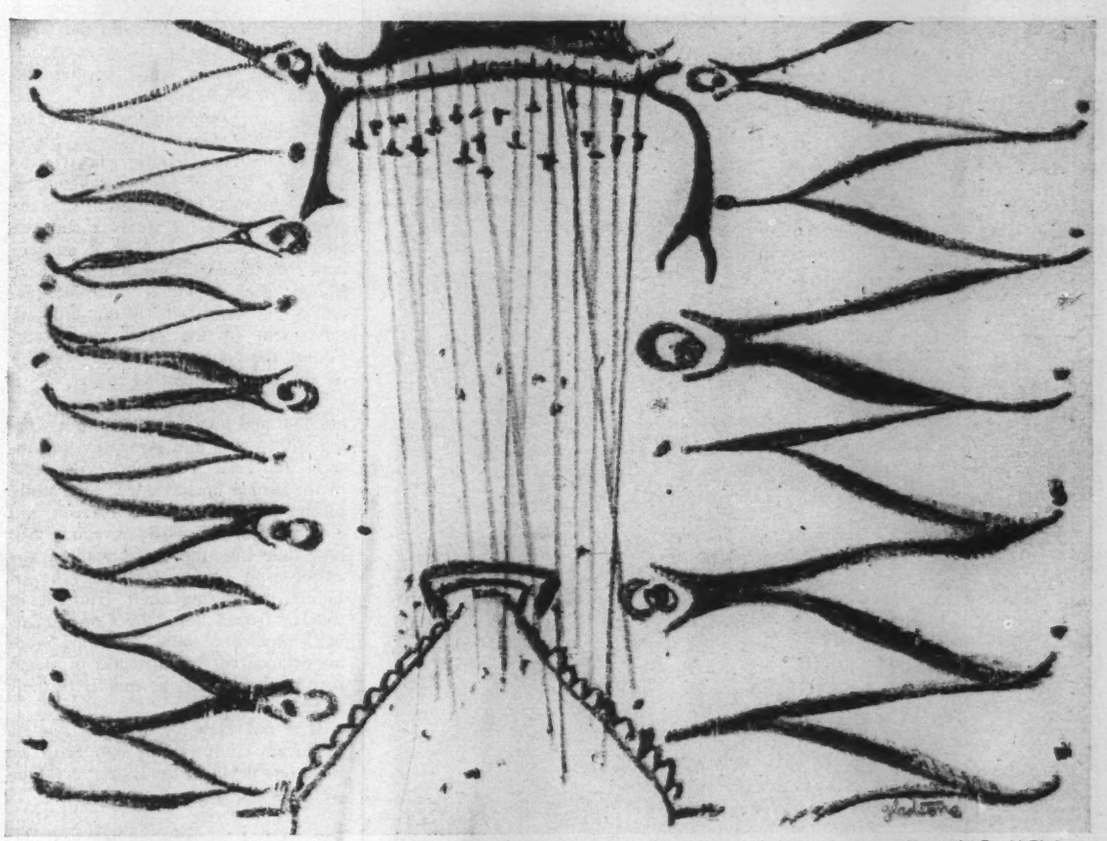
THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINS—by Godfrey Blunden—*Longmans, Green—$4.75.*

by John L. Watson

THERE ARE few authors writing in the English language who understand the Russian character (as distinct from the purely Communist character) as well, and interpret it as sympathetically, as Godfrey Blunden. In "A Room on the Route" he wrote of Moscow in the early years of the war; in his second novel he writes of the Ukrainian city of Kharkov from the time of its occupation by the Germans until its "liberation" by the Red Army more than two years later.

When the Germans entered the city they captured intact the files of the NKVD and forthwith began the execution of all Communist Party members; within a matter of days every lamppost in the city was tastefully decorated with a blackened, frozen corpse.

Along with the Germans came Dr. Karandash, an anti-Communist Ukrainian exile who naively believed that the Germans might prove to be the liberators of the Ukraine, through whom the nation might be delivered from the grip of Soviet tyranny. Dr. Karandash was quickly disillusioned thanks to the subtlety of the SS General to whom he was responsible and who compelled him to witness at first hand all the unspeakable atrocities perpetrated by the German conquerors. On the other hand, the inoffensive Russians who believed that the



Impression of revolving, vibrating wire mesh belt-wet end of paper machine — by Gerald Gladstone

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No. 2 in a series illustrating steps in the manufacture of paper.

Gerald Gladstone, young Toronto artist, used this photograph in creating his impression of part of Provincial's new paper making machine, an impression unrestricted as to technical accuracy. Mr. Gladstone conveys a feeling of fluid motion and vibration. Born in 1929, painting since 1936, he is one of Canada's promising younger artists.

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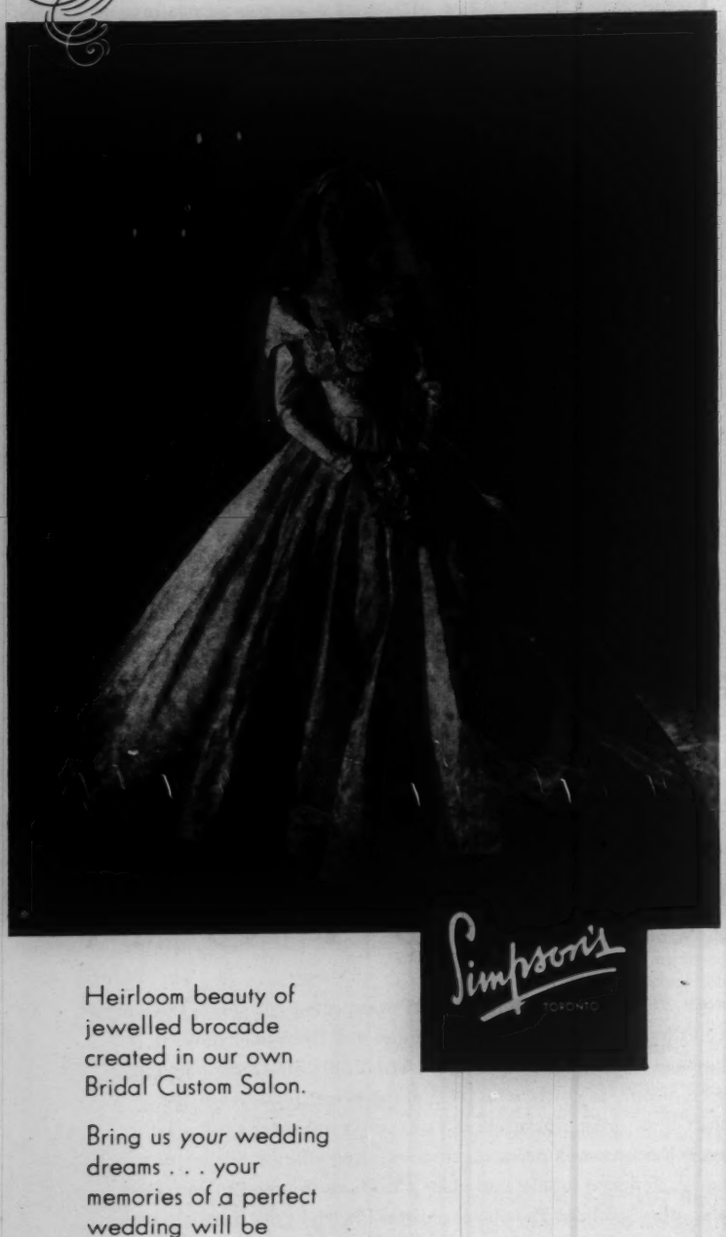

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eventual triumph of the Red Army would put an end to the terror were disillusioned just as rapidly, for when the city was retaken the NKVD moved in and the executions went on, the victims this time being those Russians who had not been sufficiently militant in their resistance to the invader.

The real heroine of the story is Maryusa Selova, the timid school teacher who preserved (or at least prolonged) the lives of her pupils by offering them food and shelter in the schoolhouse all through the occupation but failed to make it clear that she did so in the name of Communism. Her crime was that she did the right thing for the wrong reason and her punishment was a bullet through the head in an NKVD cellar.

There are some remarkable characters in this novel—Professor Shevchenko, the aged scholar who tries to pass on a little of his old humanistic world through the medium of language by telling the starving children gloriously colorful stories of gargantuan banquets; Obergruppenfuhrer Rauch, the decadent, quasi-intellectual SS General who is the ultimate refinement of the Nazi beast; and Fomin, the young Communist, symbol of the new Neanderthal race.

"The Time of the Assassins" is a horrible and horrifying book but written with a skill and sympathy and insight that raise it far above the level of the simple horror story. As a study of the twin scourges of Nazism and Communism it is vastly revealing. See how they kill: the Nazis with savage enthusiasm, killing for the sake of killing, measuring their triumph in tons of frozen flesh; the Communists with impersonal calm, attaching more importance to the dialectic of death than to the number or quality of their victims.

It is not easy for civilized readers to refrain from asking: why must we have one devil on our side every time we fight the other?

Chekhov: Two Aspects

THE SEAGULL, Produced by Stanislavsky — edited by S. D. Balukhaty — *Saunders* — $6.25.

CHEKHOV THE DRAMATIST—by David Magarshack—*Longmans, Green*—$5.00.

by John Creed

THE PLAYS of Anton Chekhov have had a profound influence on English realistic plays but still draw perplexed queries as to what they're all about. The first book has as its intention a few observations on Chekhov's aims and intentions and the author traces his subject's mental and artistic development from "plays of direct action" such as "Without Fathers" and "Ivanov" to "plays of indirect action" such as "The Three Sisters" (surely one of the most haunting plays ever written), "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Seagull." Magarshack's book is well documented and profusely illustrated by photographs of original presentations. It is a highly specialized book but one that will highly reward the avid theatre-goer.

Closely following Magarshack's book comes Stanislavsky's account of the presentation of "The Seagull". This is an exhaustive (as only Stanislavsky's could be) explanation of the whole production from reading to performance. The play was, of course, the one that put the Moscow Art Theatre into the picture as a force in the world's dramatic field and included in the book is an article by Editor Balukhaty, Historian of MAT, which gives a production history of "The Seagull" and a review of the inception of the Theatre under Stanislavsky.

Writers & Writing

MANY newspaper people across Canada were saddened by the sudden death of JOSEPH HENRY FISHER, Toronto *Telegram's* political correspondent at the Ottawa Press Gallery and lately editorial writer. The last time we saw him, briefly, his conversation was mostly about his young son. He was a quiet, hard-working, family type and our sympathy goes out to his lovely wife.

■ Doubledays have done a suitably serene type of job on THOMAS B. COSTAIN'S latest book "The Silver Chalice." The cover is blue with silver lettering and jacket design, by Vera Bock indicative of the artistry and craftsmanship revolving around this story of the Cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. This book is Literary Guild choice for September. The author, formerly of Brantford, now New York, has written seven novels in ten years mainly because he writes from 8.30 to 4 o'clock, seven days a week.

■ Every young woman who hopes to become a mother—and that takes in most females—will find JOAN YOUNGER'S "The Stork and You", Ryerson Press publication, about the most useful equipment for starting housekeeping. Only old-fashioned thing about book is the title. Otherwise it is as streamlined and practical as a book can be which not only tells how to achieve happiest, healthiest pregnancy but how expectant father can enjoy just about every feature of preparedness, short of having the baby.

Seems all over the world families are stressing *two* guiding spirits for each household. We were reading that in Germany, long hold-out for male lead, draft law approved by Bonn government in West Germany would mean, if it passed Parliament, equal responsibility on man and wife for support of their family and eliminate husband's right to "order his family to move", abolish custom of dowries for German daughters, grant to both parents right to determine education of their children—now father's privilege. Other masculine privileges would be abolished: women would have responsibilities in wider field.

Author of "The Stork and You" is former United Press reporter and feature writer, former Associate Editor *The Ladies' Home Journal*, wife of William B. Dickinson, news editor of Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* and mother of four. She belongs to school of "having the husband around when you are having a baby", however if a husband shudders at mere idea she thinks he might be excused. —*Rica*

ILMS

In These Summer Doldrums

y Mary Lowrey Ross

AST WEEK, with the temperature hovering round 90 degrees the movies were, if not our best entertainment at least your ost comfortable relaxation. Wonerful to come off the hot level of e street and sit in the cool depths the theatre, steaming gently, like a arm blancmange introduced to the p shelf of the refrigerator. The efct was a little stupefying at the same me. For instance, "She's Working er Way Through College" was alost half over before I recognized it a lamentable song-and-dance reake of James Thurber's "The Male nimal".

In "The Male Animal" the cenal issue was whether or not the prossor in a mid-western college ould be allowed to read the Saccoanzetti letters to his English class. he Sacco-Vanzetti case is a long ay back, however, and the problem free speech is rather pressingly mediate; so the producers of "She's Vorking Her Way Through College" ompromised with the substitute is-e: Should a burlesque queen with erary ambitions be allowed a uniersity education? As it is worked ut here the question left me considably colder than the air-conditiong.

The leading roles are played by irginia Mayo and Ronald Reagan, ith Miss Mayo as Hot Garters Ger-e, the burlesque queen who raises e problem and Ronald Reagan as e Professor of Dramatic Arts who ttles it. Virginia Mayo is a hardorking girl with a remarkable conguration, but she isn't a comedienne even, except in a rudimentary nse, an actress. Ronald Reagan n't a comedian either, but I doubt ry much if even Henry Fonda, who ayed the original role, could have umbled on anything very funny in e part as it has been rewritten.

As usual in Hollywood college ms, the curriculum consists exclusively of football and musical-comedy orkouts. This one adds a side course calisthenics, with Gene Nelson givg a demonstration on the parallel rs to orchestral accompaniment. It ight be possible to argue that this is e only way to make a college proction if James Thurber and Elliot ugent hadn't contrived an immeasurably funnier and livelier one in The Male Animal".

OBSESSED" starring Geraldine Fitzgerald and David Farrar billed as a successor to "Rebecca" d probably it is, though there are gns that the succession is petering t. Since "Rebecca", the sinister usekeeper has become a stock fige and has lost much of her shock lue. However the old Victorian ansion still makes an excellent ckground for domestic crime, and e one depicted here is sufficiently grim, with its heavy portieres, dank conservatory, foliated trim and flickering gas-light, always susceptible to sudden cutoff.

The mistress of all this gloomy splendor dies shortly after the story opens, and almost before the funeral guests have withdrawn, the widower (David Farrar) and his attractive secretary (Geraldine Fitzgerald) begin making excited plans for a honeymoon in Venice. They are interrupted by an inspector from Scotland Yard (Roland Culver) and presently the late lady is exhumed and there is immense fuss and speculation about who fed her that final lethal dose of arsenic. The suspicion is directed with careful even-handedness among the housekeeper, the secretary and the widower, and the plot is liberally sprinkled with candid devices intended to mislead.

Jean Cadell, as the housekeeper is grim, Geraldine Fitzgerald is distracted, David Farrar is glum, and Roland Culver is polite, omniscent and spry. On the whole "Obsessed" is worth going round the corner to see; though hardly all the way downtown.

"LOAN SHARK" opens up without preliminary on a scene showing a man pursued, set upon, and violently beaten up by a pair of implacable strangers. Then just as you are congratulating yourself on escaping the list of screen credits, the credits come on, in full detail down to the last assistant art director, As a rule I consider this unfair practice; but "Loan Shark" is so crowded with violence that even a credit list can provide an acceptable lull.

The hero here is George Raft, moving all in one piece as usual and knocking people down with piston-like impassivity. He is on the side of the law this time, having taken on the assignment of running down a criminal outfit, who lend money at exorbitant rates and make their collections by goon squad. After his sister has been widowed by the gang, Actor Raft joins the ring and is presently one of its most resourceful directors. He is of course working from the inside, and before things quiet down he has cleaned out the whole gang singlehanded. He has no police credentials and his personal passion for justice may strike you as a little excessive, particularly when he shoots two of his colleagues in the stomach, tips Mr. Paul Stewart into a steaming laundry vat, and then tidily puts the lid on.

It's all extremely muscular and very much the sort of crime-drama you might hear over the radio during the off-hours when only juveniles are expected to be listening. It's chief drawback, last week, was the distracting noise which didn't allow one to sleep off the exhaustion induced by the inexorable temperature outside.

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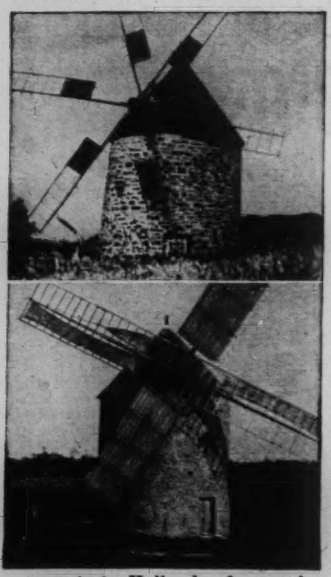
Which Scene is in Canada?



ONE is in Holland, of course! Holland is the world's largest exporter of beer and a Dutch brewmaster (see below) was naturally included in the panel of experts who tasted, tested and approved Labatt's Pilsener Beer. Thousands of Canadians have since come to enjoy the light dry sparkle . . . mellow old world smoothness of Labatt's* Pilsener. Try it yourself. Discover how fresh and clean it leaves your palate. The lower windmill is Dutch; the top is in Quebec.

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This dividend will be paid on or about September 1st, 1952, to holders of such shares of record at the close of business on Saturday, July 26th, 1952.

By order of the Board.

D. G. MILLER, Secretary.

July 9, 1952.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Weatherwatchers Nowhere

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

puts out an ordinary wooden ladder. Hands reach up from below to steady it. You climb down and join the group of parka-shrouded, bearded men. (Almost everyone lets his beard grow in the Arctic, and the faces become ageless: you can't tell the veterans from the youngsters.) You shake hands with the station's officer-in-charge (a Canadian) and executive officer (an American), but there is no time for talk. In the Arctic cold, aircraft engines are left stopped for the shortest time possible (although in this, the liquid-cooled engines of the Canadian North Star are infinitely better than the air-cooled engines of the American C-54: the former can be restarted without too much trouble after hours in the cold, the latter after a few minutes only.)

A rough skid made of timbers is raised up to the aircraft's open door. The crew starts pushing out crates; you join the group on the ground easing them down the skid and carrying them to the waiting sleds. The crates hold the necessities and a very few luxuries of weather station life: delicate radiosondes which will be carried into the upper air by balloons to radio back the temperature, pressure and humidity; frozen meat; instruments; spare parts for the radio; a few bottles of beer. After the cases come sacks of mail, steel bottles of helium for the balloons, a few lengths of lumber for a new building, the baggage of the new men.

The weather station crew returns to its regular round of work: sampling the world's weather every three hours at its source here in the polar air mass. Its observations, radioed to Edmonton and interpreted there, will help forecast the swirling eddies of air which flow down over the continent and across the Atlantic. They will help plain people to know what sort of weather to expect on Sunday; they will help airlines to save fuel by flying "pressure pattern" across the Atlantic.

The "tourists" whom the aircraft has dumped unceremoniously on the ice of the Arctic pick up their bags, trudge over the snow to the huts of the station and get ready for their summer's work: studying the rocks under the snow, and looking for the oil which is probably under these Arctic rocks; dredging up the life which is in the sea under the ice; tagging the birds that nest here in summer; measuring the earth's gravity to learn a little more about its shape; taking careful observations of the sun and stars to try to pin down a little more accurately on the map the exact position of these tiny dots of habitation which man has laboriously scratched on the endless white of the North.

For perhaps two months of summer the thermometer will rise above freezing: the ice will break up; except in the gullies the snow will go; miraculously there will be splashes of color in the landscape from clumps of wildflowers. Then, when twilight begins to interrupt the 24-hour-round daylight of summer, the cold will return, the snow will drift around the buildings and soon the darkness will return.

Why do men lock themselves voluntarily into these white prisons? A very few do it for adventure; these, being dedicated men, are the best workers. Some do it for the money; they earn extra "isolation pay" and they have little or nothing on which to spend it. A married man can save the down payment on a house; a single man can put by the price of a car, or the money to spend on one grand and glorious bender when he "goes out." Most do it because it's the job: every man in the weather service of Canada's Department of Transport or the United States Weather Bureau can expect at least one "isolation" posting during his career.

THE MEN are half Canadians, half Americans, and the two countries' flags fly side by side over the weather stations. How well this arrangement works seems to depend largely on the personalities of individuals.

As for the sort of men they are, consider Leo LaFranchise. Leo is a dark, compact Montrealer. In 1949 he was posted to Isachsen and he put in a year there. Then, on Easter Sunday of 1950, he and four other men were deposited by a ski-equipped Dakota at Alert, 500-odd miles from the pole. At that time there was nothing whatever at Alert except snow, ice, wind and a tractor which had been left there in the summer of 1948 by an ice-breaker which somehow managed to get into the bay. The tractor had been standing in the deep-frozen open for 22 months. It took the five men an hour to start the engine, (which thereafter ran without stopping for two months). In eight days of working around the clock, the five men built a runway, heavier aircraft landed with materials and supplies, and Alert weather station came into being.

Last summer LaFranchise "went out." He bought himself a shiny new car and set off on a 13,000-mile tour of North America's pleasanter latitudes. Now he's back for another year. "I came back in," he says, "because I found I don't know the people outside any more. But next year I'm getting married and I'll stay out then for sure."

Maybe. But a surprising number of them come back. The white emptiness of the Arctic Archipelago has become familiar to them. Here, at the end of the earth, is home.

Most Glamorous Grandpa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

and suggested that he take his ribbons back to the wardrobe department. As soon as he started to reply, I knew I had pulled a boner. Later, when I had recovered, I complied with his request and sent some prints to Government House, Ottawa."

"Walter inherited a love of music from his parents, Caleb and Hannah Pidgeon," reveals Leo Dolan, director of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau. Dolan went to school with Pidgeon in their birthplace, Saint John, NB, and the two have been fast friends since boyhood.

"His brothers, Dave, Don and Ira, were singers," he continues, "and I can remember when Walter sang with the Harmony Male Glee Club—one of the sensations, you might say, of St. John and Fredericton. At the University of New Brunswick, he was a good hockey and soccer player. I think he could have made a career out of either singing or sports, if it hadn't been for 'The House Next Door'."

"That's what did it," Pidge admits. "The play, by Hartley Manners, was presented at the university and gave me my first opportunity as an actor. I was determined that, whatever I decided to do, I wanted to do it well and I felt that I would be more successful in straight drama, or at least musical comedy, than as a vocalist alone."

Nevertheless, it was his singing that opened the door for him. In the Canadian Army during the First World War, he was hospitalized for seventeen months. During his convalescence, he met Elsie Janis, a favorite entertainer of that era. Impressed with his speaking voice, she advised him to become an actor but he didn't take her advice until later, when his first postwar job, as a messenger in a Boston bank, turned out to be temporary.

Dancer Fred Astaire, appearing in Boston, heard Walter sing at an informal gathering and arranged an audition for him in New York. Pidgeon was offered a contract to appear in a Broadway play but turned it down because he felt he wasn't ready. Instead, he worked with the Copely Players of Boston and, when he had gained confidence, went to see Elsie Janis, sang for her and was hired as her partner on a successful six-month American tour. Following it, they presented the revue, "At Home" on the London stage and the young Canadian became a star.

He returned to New York ready to try any role and, after several Broadway musicals, succumbed to the lure of Hollywood. Except for a two-season return to Broadway in the mid-thirties (a period that marked a change in his outlook as an actor) he has confined his activities to motion pictures and an occasional radio show ever since.

Walter has been married to Ruth Walker, a non-professional, since 1930. He lost his first wife, the former Edna Pickels of Annapolis Royal, when their only child was born two years after his first marriage. The daughter, Edna, is nicknamed "Little Pidge". She is now Mrs. John Aitkins and the mother of Big Pidge's granddaughters, Patricia and Pamela.

Apart from hard work and a lot of luck, Walter feels that he owes some of his success to his name. Early in his career he was advised by the late John Barrymore that, unless he changed it, he didn't stand a chance. He received the same sort of advice from a number of agents, producers and directors in the years that followed but steadfastly refused to alter Walter or part with Pidgeon.

BRIDAL GOWN of white silk faille and Chantilly lace. Strapless bodice is covered by bolero to which the long separate train is attached.

RED SATIN and black silk taffeta ball gown with two-dresses-in-one effect. The red satin stole is crushed into a sleeve at one shoulder.

STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: Magnificently draped bodice is of white silk georgette with red roses. Slim graceful skirt is of black silk faille.

ORLD OF WOMEN

As the Romans Do

y Bernice Coffey

TALY'S POSTWAR RISE as a world fashion centre has been accomplished through gifted Italian designers such as Nicol Fontana. Signora Fontana's creed is that there is no substitute for femininity—a creed learned from men such as the Queens of Egypt, Persia and Afghanistan who come to her me salon to mingle with Spanish, French and Italian royalty. News of her ie was carried to this continent by visiting Hollywood stars—among them ne Dunne, Rita Hayworth, Barbara Stanwyck and Linda Christian, who ered her entire trousseau from Fontana. Margaret Truman purchased her t strapless evening dress there. This Fall, like many French designers, Nicol ntana will design clothes which will be made in the United States. Three of dresses, designed for the coming season, are shown here worn by her model, rchesa Loredana Taparelli d'Azeglio of Rome.

TICKET TO A BOX SEAT

LADIES OF THE JURY

by Svanhuit Josie

AN AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE made news recently when she went to jail rather than take the juror's oath. The lady was guilty of contempt of court, for she had already agreed to serve on the jury.

It was when she found she wouldn't be allowed to go home to her family at night—a rule in murder trials—that she refused to go through with her bargain. But this was one occasion when it wasn't a woman's privilege to change her mind.

Should you happen to live in Ontario you too may have to make this decision yourself before long. Because the Ontario Jurors Act has just been amended to make women eligible for the first time to sit on juries. The pay offered for the job isn't high—only six dollars a day, with a small travelling allowance. But the experience and education to be gained can't be measured in dollars and cents.

Ontario isn't the first Province to admit women to juries. Like many other progressive measures, this one was first tried out in the West. Even before the turn of the century British Columbia qualified all "persons" registered as voters in the provincial elections. In the old days, though, there was doubt as to whether or not a woman was a person. But the Privy Council settled that matter in our favor once and for all back in 1929. Thanks to the efforts of five enterprising Alberta women the question was referred to the highest court for a ruling.

Perhaps it was because of the early uncertainty about the meaning of "person" that Alberta avoided use of the word. They qualify all "residents" over 21. In Saskatchewan, service on the jury was a man's job until 1950. And Manitoba men still have a monopoly on it. The Nova Scotia law doesn't appear to rule us out. But to this day most of the provinces east of Ontario preserve jury duty as a man's domain.

How long will it be before women are eligible throughout Canada on an equal basis with men? That's hard to tell. We still lag far behind many countries including Britain and the U.S. South of the border women jurors are common nowadays in most of the states. And in England they've been accepted on the same basis as men since 1919—the year the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act was passed.

But it's a new role for a great many Canadian women. And they're wondering what will be expected of them.

Well, there's really no cause for alarm. The law isn't necessarily a man's field, although many women think it is. Some folks—and there are men among them—believe women are peculiarly suited to deal with legal questions. After all, the basic subject matter of the law is human relations. And there's a good argument that this requires an intuitive grasp as well as the marshaling of cold facts. So it may well be that with women on the juries the jury system will gain in public confidence and respect.

SVANHUIT JOSIE, *a Canadian of Icelandic descent, is graduate in Law (University of Manitoba) and Social Science (University of Toronto). Before marriage she was engaged in legislative and other research in Dept. of Labor, Ottawa. Her articles have appeared in technical and professional journals in Canada and elsewhere.*

JUDGE HELEN KINNEAR, County Court Judge for the county of Haldimand, Ontario. Her judicial duties include selection of citizens called up for jury duty. Judge Kinnear is a resident of Cayuga.

That would be all to the good. For it's being seriously criticized. Responsible Canadians, including the premier of one of the provinces, have gone so far as to urge that juries be done away with altogether.

One of the most outspoken critics of the jury is Dr. Rosario Fontaine, a prominent Montreal criminologist. He says, "How can 12 good citizens who ordinarily are on the farm or behind the counter or at the controls of a machine, be expected to acquire this superior quality of attentiveness?"

Although Dr. Fontaine works for the Quebec government, Premier Duplessis doesn't share his views. Mr. Duplessis is a strong believer in the jury system. So is the Senior Crown Attorney in Ottawa, Mr. Raoul Mercier, QC. Mr. Mercier's opinion is that "the combination of common sense, knowledge of human nature, and intuitive perception" needed in dealing with the facts of a trial—which are generally the facts of ordinary life—are found more often in the jury box than on the bench.

Whether or not we think justice is more likely to be done by judge and jury than by a judge alone, it seems likely that juries will be with us for a long time to come. So it behooves us to help raise their standard of performance.

The jury is a very old institution in British law. It was originally introduced into England by the Normans as a group of neighbors convened to answer specific questions on oath. In those days—and for centuries after—their judgment was based on their knowledge of the persons, the circumstances and the locality.

Now all that has changed. In the modern cities jurors have probably never before seen or heard of the parties involved. So they make their decision on the basis of the evidence presented. Yet the fundamental idea remains — that jurors are called to represent the public in the courts. They are responsible for carrying out defined public duties.

GENERALLY SPEAKING, if you're on the jury you don't need to worry much about the law. Leave that to the Judge. It's up to him to settle points of law. And he'll explain the legal aspects of the case as simply as possible. The important function of the jury is to decide questions of fact. And because jurors have an opportunity to observe the parties and witnesses on both sides—which gives them a good chance to judge their credibility—a higher court of appeal will seldom disturb a jury's findings on the facts.

Although women make up only about five per cent of those charged with crimes in Canada, the number involved is not small. In 1949, for instance, there were over 2,000. And now that so much of the property is in their hands, more women are bound to be parties to civil actions.

When Canada's only woman Judge—Helen Kinnear of the Haldimand County Court—was asked what she thought of granting women the right to serve on juries, her reaction was a natural one. Remember, she's been sitting on the bench for years. "Why not?" she said. "I had to pick out the names of men for jury duty for nine years. I got a bit tired of it."

That's one of her duties as County Court Judge. In each county the Judge, together with the Mayor of any city in the county, the warden, the sheriff and the treasurers of the county and city, selects the jury panel from the jurors' rolls. These are made up from municipal voters' lists.

This is how it's done: names of all qualified and not exempt are written down till there are twice as many on the list as the number of jurors likely to be required. The following year the selectors begin where they left off, going right through the alphabetical list until they start again at A. Which means that unless you fall in one of the exempt classes, your turn will come sooner or later. We're told that about 10,000 Canadians are needed for jury duty annually, and so many exemptions are allowed that the number of eligible jurors is greatly reduced.

Exemptions vary from province to province. In Ontario 20 classes of people either aren't called or can claim to be excused. They include among others those holding certain important public posts, ministers, priests (and now nuns), editors and reporters, servicemen, medical personnel and almost every kind of legal officer or employee. In the case

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

ONCERNING FOOD

How Will You Have Your Lobster?

y Vera L. Daye

ROM EARLY MAY to late fall, the Atlantic lobster reigns as king seafood in New Brunswick. It's the it that lures the tourists and brings e natives by the hundred to salt ater shores.

Each summer the town of Shediac the southeast corner of NB stages mammoth festival to honor the elicious shellfish. With the usual rades, midways and crowning of neens to add to its lustre, highlight the entire festival is, of course, the bster suppers. Literally thousands pounds of freshly steamed lobsters e consumed every night, with fisher- en working every tide to haul their tch ashore.

Shediac is right in the centre of the orthumberland Strait fishing indus- y. Dozens of canneries and packing ants dot the shore from one tip of rseshoe-shaped Shediac Bay to the her. The Maritimes' largest is a few iles from the town at Cape Bimet. here, sea water is pumped into huge nks in storage sheds where the suc- lent crustaceans are kept alive un- needed. Packed in ice, lobsters avel in special refrigerator cars to pper Canadian and New England arkets, sometimes by rail and air, t more often in huge transport ucks.

YOU CAN BUY fresh lobster at any of these plants, cooked or uncook- in the shell; in cans, or in the fresh ld pack. The latter is popular for lads and lobster plates because you n't have to worry about removing e flesh from the hard shells. Many the packing plants provide picnic bles and benches where you can joy native seafood within sight and und of the blue Strait rolling in er endless miles of golden sand. If you have never eaten lobsters sh from the steamers, with the meat tender it literally melts in your outh, then you have a treat in store. bster bisque, lobster à la Newburg, licious in their own way, are for e expensive hotel menus, but native aritime gourmets would never think eating lobster that way.

To be thoroughly enjoyed, they , you must have lobster on the lf shell with the delicately flavored een tamale and the scarlet roe ready your fork. Crisp French fries on e side, if you will, a slice of lemon garnish and a tiny cup of melted tter for dipping each piece. When e shells have been properly cracked, nd there is an art to it) the meat s out easily, even from the jointed ws. And remember, they add, it's ite good taste to use your fingers en necessary.

The lobster season is not a con- uous one. Different localities have ferent fishing periods. In this way, ch section of the coast has a chance fish and no one area becomes de- ted. The first season begins as soon frozen bays have opened enough permit launching of the powerful tor boats.

Everywhere, for weeks before the openings, fishermen prepare their equipment. They scrape and paint their hauled-up boats. They tar ropes and build new traps. The latter are cylinders or squares of wooden laths with coarse twine mesh forming two funnel-like openings into the centres,

—NFB

LOBSTER: King of seafood in NB.

where the dried herring used for bait tempts the unwary lobsters. Floats are painted, one for each trap, in distinctive colors and designs, much like a westerner uses cattle brands. These bob on the surface and tell the fishermen at a glance where their own traps lie, fathoms deep below.

In the Shediac area where the majority of fishermen are of Acadian descent, a colorful ceremony is held on the Sunday immediately preceding the opening of the local season in August.

MEN, WOMEN and children don their Sunday clothes and gather near their spired church to march in a bright procession to the wharf near Cape Bauld. Others come by car. Still more arrive in motor boats.

There, in the summer sun, they listen reverently as their priest blesses the fishing fleet and prays for its safety upon the treacherous waters. For in spite of its summer tranquility, Northumberland Strait can kick up quite a rumpus if the weather turns. Through the service, the voices rise and fall in a melodious monotone. This blessing ceremony is a custom handed down from Norman and Breton ancestors, and, when it's over, the owner of the biggest and fastest motor boat has the honor of taking the priest for a sail.

It's a rare family that doesn't have a dozen or so tins of lobster meat put away for the winter. When a nor'easter howls down the Strait and hearty meals are called for, a lobster chowder is one of the favorites of Shediac Bay housewives. This is how they make it:

Lobster Chowder

¼ pound salt pork
2 medium sized onions
4 cups peeled diced potatoes
¼ tsp. salt
2 cups water
2 6-oz. cans of lobster
4 cups milk.
dash of pepper
1 tbsp. dried parsley

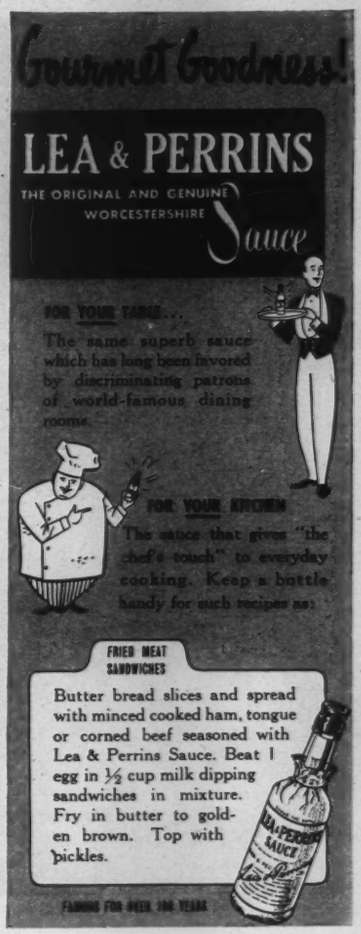
Cut salt pork into small cubes and cook in a large kettle until crisp. Add the finely sliced onions and brown lightly. Add potatoes and water. Cover and cook slowly until potatoes are done, stirring often. Scald milk. Break lobster into small pieces and add to first mixture. Add scalded milk. Add seasonings last. Simmer 3 minutes. Serve piping hot. Yield: 10 servings.

■ Cool and quivery for a summer luncheon is a jade-green mould. Make up a package of lime gelatine using ¼ cup fresh lime or lemon juice in place of ¼ cup of the water. When partially set fold in 1 cup seedless green or honey dew melon balls. Serve with Sour Cream dressing — 2/3 cup thick sour cream, 1/3 cup mayonnaise, 1 tbsp. brown sugar and fresh berries folded in.

■ Lemon Date Pie is a high sounding dessert item which can be run up pronto using lemon-pie filling and pastry mix. Simply add ¾ cup chopped dates to the cooled lemon-pie filling. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue and bake according to directions on package.

■ When tomatoes are ripe and juicy remember to serve them hot now and then. One fine way is to scoop out the tomatoes, chop up the pulp with canned corned beef hash, add an onion or two and and a hard-cooked egg, minced. Stuff tomatoes and bake until tender. Very, very good.

■ For brides, career girls and young marrieds, Louella G. Shouer's cook book, "Quick and Easy Meals for Two" (Clarke, Irwin, $3.75) is just the ticket. Miss Shouer is associate food editor of a women's magazine and has conducted a column on this theme for some time. It is a sparkling, basic cook book with seasonally p'anned menus to fit either a stout or slender pocketbook.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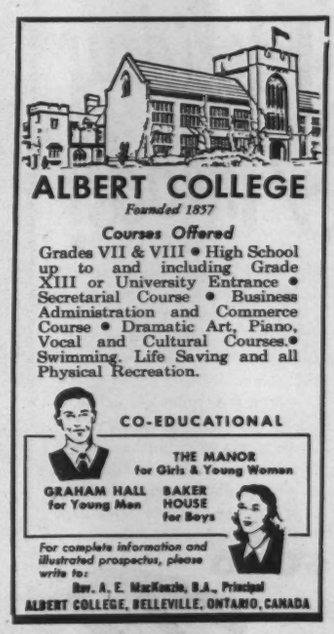
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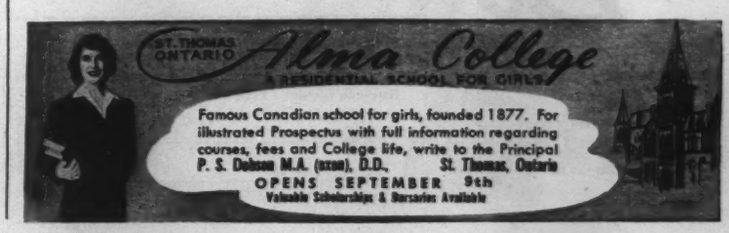
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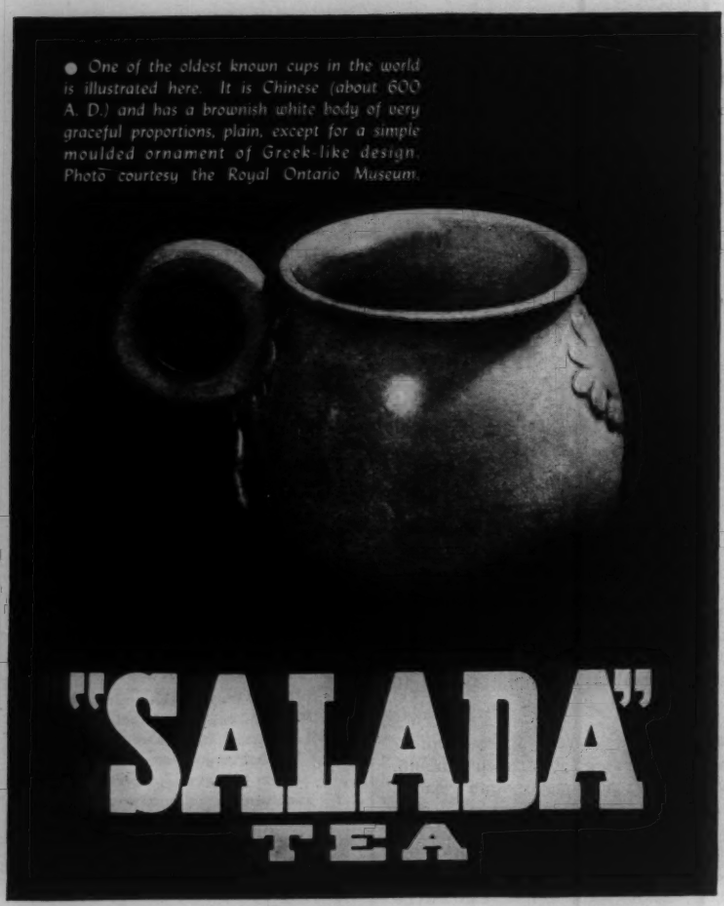
● One of the oldest known cups in the world is illustrated here. It is Chinese (about 600 A. D.) and has a brownish white body of very graceful proportions, plain, except for a simple moulded ornament of Greek-like design. Photo courtesy the Royal Ontario Museum.



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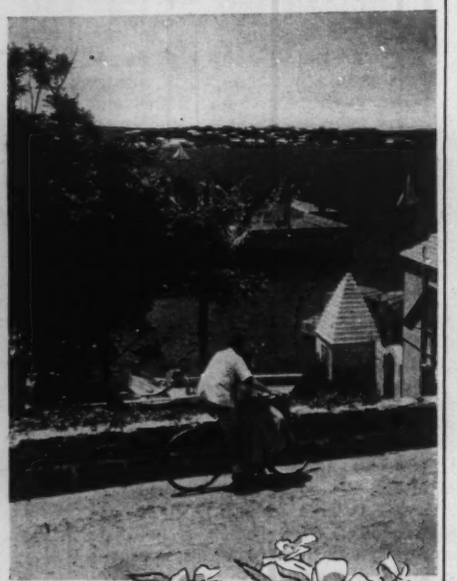

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PERSONALITIES

Every Little Movement

by Christine MacKinnon

MOVIE-GOERS and critics who were enchanted with "The Emperor's Nightingale", a Czech-made film starring puppet actors, can look forward to seeing similar Canadian-made films in the near future.

Like the work of Czech artist-puppeteer, Jiri Trnka, these Canadian movies will also use puppets for their leading players, and the "stop - action" technique of filming, in which a flow of still photographs gives the illusion of movement.

ESKIMO HUNTER

The Canadian movies will require infinite effort, patience and imagination. Unlike the hour long Emperor's Nightingale", a Hans Christian Andersen story, which employed 18 persons including cameramen, animators, artists and electricians, these pictures will be the handiwork of only two people: Alma Duncan, artist, and Audrey McLaren, camerawoman, two young women who have organized a private film company in Ottawa called Dunclaren.

Risky though it may appear, both girls are convinced that there is a great future for imaginative moviemakers in Canada, that radio, television and the film are the media through which creative people can best express their ideas today.

Alma has already had considerable experience in the "stop-action" method of filming. Brought to the National Film Board in 1942 to design posters and publications, she later became head of the Informational Displays division and started working on NFB films in 1947. She made her first complete film, the 16mm "Folksong Fantasy", last year as an independent producer under contract to the Board.

Creating the entire art work and animation detail herself, Alma's coworkers were the folk singer, Emma Caslor, who sang the Riddle Song, Who Killed Cock Robin? and The Cooper of Fife for the film; cameraman Lyle Enright; and negative cutter Yuki Yoshida.

The film immediately created comment. One of two Canadian animation movies shown at the Edinburgh Festival last year, the picture drew many words of praise.

Dunclaren came into existence last October after Alma and Audrey, who had worked several years at the Film Board as technical assistant, spent a few months in Europe visiting film studios and meeting film makers and puppeteers.

Now they are operating on a carefully planned schedule and budget, and all their films, in color, will deal with Canadian subjects.

Dunclaren's first picture, for example, will be about an Eskimo hunter. The girls read more than 200 Eskimo legends until they finally settled on one that combined enough pathos and humor to appeal to a universal audience.

To aid in their research they spent countless hours in museums and libraries, and interviewing people who have lived with the Eskimos. They soon discovered that each district has its particular style of traditional clothing, hair-dos, igloos, tents, kayaks, hunting gear, and of course, terrain.

On the screen the picture will run ten minutes, but a year's work is required. Once the research was completed, then began the business of building sets and carving and dressing the 16 six-inch balsa wood puppets.

In Walt Disney cartoons, separate drawings are used for each frame or still picture. To achieve a variety of facial expressions in Dunclaren's third dimensional cartoons there must be a variety of carved heads. The little Eskimo hero has 37 different heads, worn according to his mood.

"To clothe the puppets we found we had to get caribou skins from the Arctic," said Audrey. "Then we discovered we'd have to dress the raw skins ourselves just as the Eskimos do."

Both hastily added they drew the line at chewing the skins, however.

As laborious as the pre-filming stage appears (even the tiny hunting and fishing spears are tied with real thongs) the exhausting work begins with the camera.

Equipped though they are with the very best professional camera, a type used in Hollywood studios, the filming is long and tedious. Since it takes one second to run 24 still pictures on a screen, a ten minute film will require 14,400 still pictures.

While Audrey operates the camera, Alma moves the puppets or settings which must be changed for each frame of film. Sometimes a dozen items must be rearranged for each of the thousands of related shots.

"It might take days to shoot half a minute," says Audrey.

But the Dunclaren company is not complaining. The work is completely fascinating (otherwise Misses Duncan and McLaren would not be involved) and if in time they can become known as creative animators (Canadian, that is) the long hours will have been well spent.

—Nettie Rosenstein

COOL WHITE net and Alençon lace. The dress is shaped out with a foundation and separate starched white-net petticoat.

BEAUTY

Charm Treatment

by Isabel Morgan

BIG MIDSUMMER date coming up?

Maybe it's to be an evening in the air-conditioned environs of a city night club, a dance at the yacht club or one of the summer resorts—Manoir Richelieu, Chateau Lake Louise, or whatever. In any event it's an evening that's to be gilt-edged for pretty ladies.

Ceil Chapman, whose name is embroidered on the designer tag of some of the most glamorous evening dresses you could hope to see, has some pertinent pointers on how to follow through on the initial charm of one's loveliest party dress:

Don't overdo your makeup or coiffure. The heavy vamp stuff is for winter time and electric lights.

Look fresh and be fresh from the skin out. Tired-looking ruffles, creases and wrinkles deduct 50 per cent from your appearance quotient.

Don't hesitate to wear your most festive summer dress (if it's light silk, organdy, lace or cotton) but do hesitate to load up with jewellery and accessories. A low neckline, crinolines and a sash are right at any midsummer party, formal or not, but dangling jewellery, fussy shoes and bags are not.

Remember that white and light colors spell summer and femininity to most men. Save your blacks and bright colors for later.

Play up the value of such summertime accessories as a fan, a filmy scarf, an ad lib bouquet of fresh flowers from your garden.

Don't forget to use your perfume—one keyed to summer evenings.

Take one last long lingering look in the mirror, so when he says "Remember how you looked that night?" you'll never forget the formula.

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AIN-TEASER

Thinking Allowed!

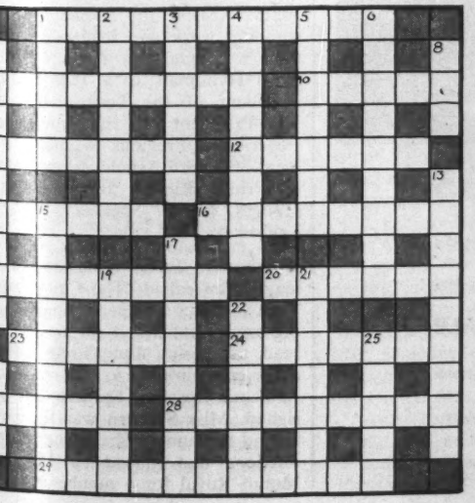
Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

Nelson, Fraser and MacKenzie in Quebec? (5, 6)
Submarine living quarters? (The occupants must feel boxed in!) (4,5)
To hide, lie on it in an upper duplex. (5)
Often made up with down. (7)
Native in a trance. (6)
Composers' occupation in a bar? (6)
Gambolling proves quite disarming. (8)
It's hard on one to grow old, and hard on the digestion. (8)
When a little way takes a long time. (6)
To be parsimonious is the devil in the end. (6)
It will give life to meat in a chopped-up state. (7)
Did a Riel emissary carry it? (5)
An ass for a day? (5,4)
Time Cole Porter spent on a song? (5,3,3)

DOWN

Drivers' are set on the street, when backing-up. (5)
Ian sounds 18---ageless! (7)
She barged into Arthur's palace, quite in 24. (6)
Lock up after getting in, if you feel this way. (8)
Quick, put the squeeze on your former husband! (7)
The kind of chestnut Smithy under-stood? (9)
A little to the left, perhaps. (3-6)
See 26.
It takes a cracking good cook to keep them out of your breakfast. (9)
Bobby socks with it! (9)
Hen? (3-5)
Showering with welcome? (7)
Pons did it, sick at heart. (7)
Strangely, this supporter has no part in it! (6)
Comes from getting a jag on, you may find! (5)
and 8. China may provide it for fortune hunters. (6)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 4, 5 across. Pounds, shillings and pence
1, 9. Pounds sterling
10. See 23
11. Tonsils
12. Editors
14. Stew
16. Night
18. Olde
19. Page
21. Salve
22. Sock
24. Platoon
26. Woodmen
29. Avoids
30. Out to win
31. Alighted
32. Fringe

DOWN

2. Outpost
3. Narks
4. See 1
5. Argo
6. Dated
7. Elections
8. Chaired
13. Agile
15. Wrestling
17. 20. The root of all evil
23. 10. Chewing the fat
25. Onset
27. Dhoti
28. Gold

(221)

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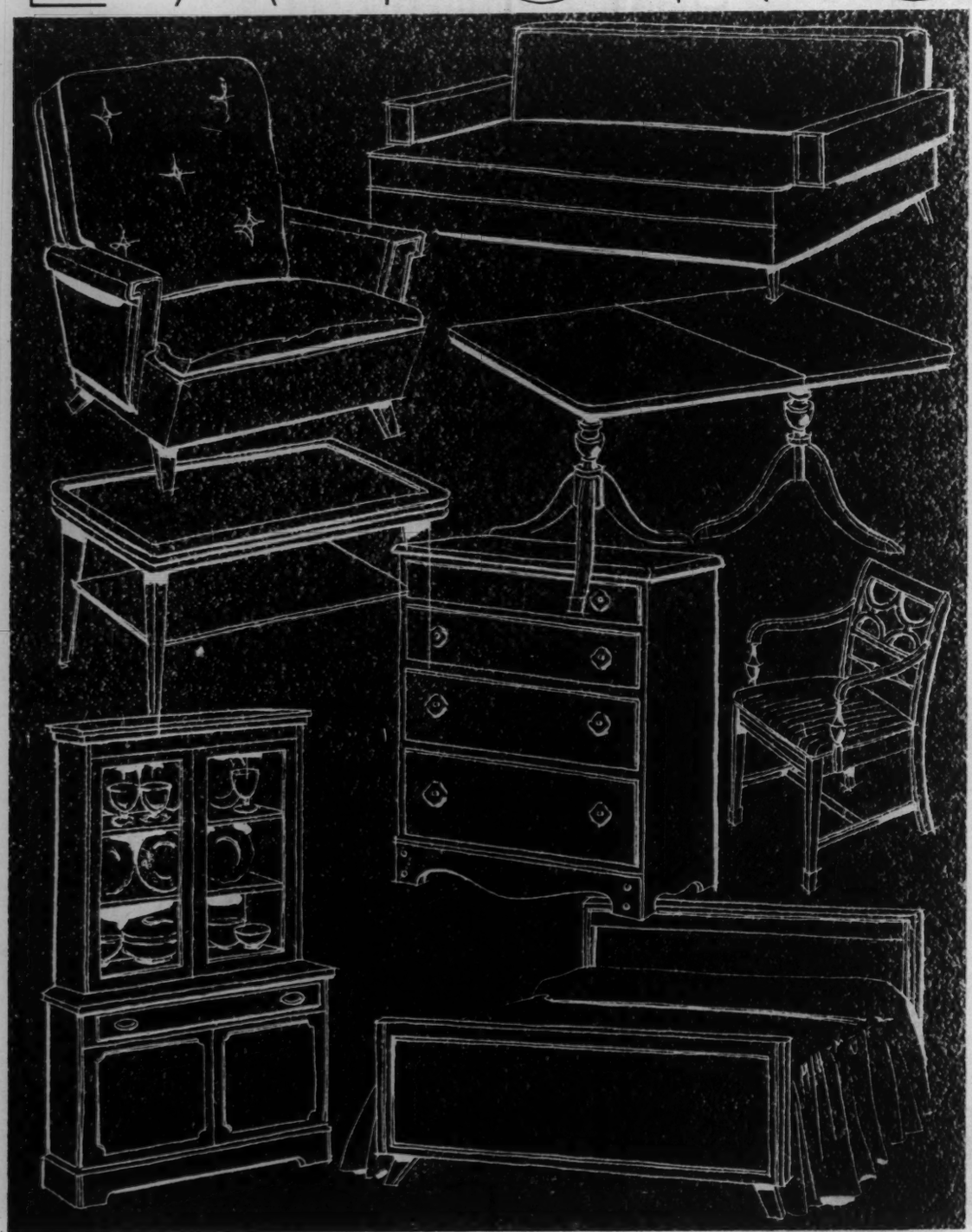

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Of the Jury

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

of persons connected with the law, their wives and husbands are also exempt.

In England, where women have long been accepted as jurors, they can be compelled to serve on the same basis as men. But here in Canada it's pretty well up to us whether we do or not. For the laws make it easy for women to beg off.

For instance, under the recent Ontario amendments a judge may excuse a woman from service on any case, civil or criminal, by reason of the nature of the evidence to be given or the issues to be tried. And in both Ontario and Saskatchewan, if you get a summons and you don't want to serve, all you need to do is to notify the sheriff within three days that you claim exemption for one year, and it will be granted.

In Alberta a woman can't be compelled to sit on a jury unless she has signed a document in advance signifying her willingness. In British Columbia, too, you can get out of it without much trouble.

But when opportunity knocks at your door in the form of a call to the jury, think twice before you turn it down. You'll be given two weeks' notice, which should be time enough to make the necessary arrangements at home. By accepting this responsibility you'll be helping to raise the status of Canadian women as citizens. For in the words of Mr. Justice Hope of the Ontario Supreme Court, "Jury duty is one of the most important functions a citizen can be called upon to perform."

Incidentally, it's not every day that you're offered a "box seat" at a real-life drama.

■ After the dust rose from the BC elections, the only woman "Speaker" in the British Commonwealth was out of a job. With the defeat of the Liberals, Nancy Hodges becomes once again a mere Member. That means, however, that she can enter into the verbal fray once again. As Speaker she was not allowed to enter discussions.

■ The Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women have named their "Woman of the Year" She's Margaret Hyndman, QC, of Toronto. Reason for choice: her outstanding work and leadership in the fight for equal pay for equal work. Miss Hyndman is a Past National President of the Federation and a Vice-President of the International Federation. Previous Women of the Year are Nora Arnold, former Mayor of Prince Rupert, BC, and Nancy Hodges, former Speaker of the BC Legislature.

■ Frontier Films is making a full length film called "The Chibougamau Trail"—about Quebec's newest mining area—and asked singer Gisele to read the script. But Gisele had too many commitments to take on a movie role and Rosanna Seaborn has been signed. Miss Seaborn was the power behind the annual Shakespearean productions that played on Montreal's Mount Royal for a number of years.

GHTER SIDE

All is Now Confusion

Mary Lowrey Ross

TOMORROW I start on my vacation," I said to my friend Miss A.

ndeed," Miss A. said, "and how ou propose to spend it?"

Lying in the sun," I said, "or, more ably, sitting in the shade. Not ing, not thinking, not even mov- Then when it is over I shall get efreshed and reinvigorated, prob- with a nest of robins in my hair."

liss A. looked disapproving. "You n you can leave now! With the rnational Red Cross meeting right in your own city? With the in- ous Mossadegh in control of Iran? n the future of the American Presi- y hanging in the balance?"

said that as long as they didn't Mossadegh to the American idency I thought things could get g till I got back. "Look, why don't come along?" I suggested.

intend to stay right here," Miss aid, "until I get a clear picture of American political scene."

f you stay that long ll probably find a of robins in your " I said; and Miss ooked distressed.

confess the situation me terribly confus- she said. "I read t Averell Stevenson Adlai Kefauver and s Harriman and their s and their plans, I never come on one single clear- tatement on the one vital issue of lay."

What is that?" I asked.

oyalty to the Mother Country," A. said.

Which Mother Country?" I asked. here's only one Mother Coun- Miss A. said patiently.

said after a moment, "I'm afraid e a little wrong."

feel very strongly that if the d States were wise it would y put itself under the proved rship of Mr. Winston Churchill," A. said. "What's wrong about "

meant you're wrong about the idates," I said. "Their names are ell Harriman, Estes Stevenson — orry, Adlai Stevenson, and Estes uver."

's ALL very confusing," Miss A. said. "For instance, Dorothy mpson, whose friendship to the ier Country is well known, ap- to have rejected General Eisen- r, which makes him suspect. On ther hand she has spoken warm- favor of Mr. Stevenson, who has committed himself on Mossa- or even Aneurin Bevan and the rend Hewlett Johnson."

said I was afraid the American orate didn't have quite Miss A.'s of view. "No candidate is likely t elected on the basis of his con- for the Mother Country," I point- ut. "He's far more likely to get the nomination by announcing he contains fluorine guaranteed to check decay."

Miss A. agreed gloomily. "What I cannot understand," she went on, "is how the American nation can have lived so long right next door to a member of the British Commonwealth without being influenced by the dignity and restraint of our political life. Can you for instance imagine a Canadian convention conducted on the American plan? Noise-makers, funny hats, citizens parading in leopard skins, live donkeys and elephants. Can you picture our Progressive Conservative ladies dressing up in one-piece bathing suits covered with buttons saying "I like George" or even—the thing is unfortunately perfectly conceivable—'Phooey on Louis'?"

"WHEN we hold a political convention," she went on proudly, "you could hear a pin drop. Just a fixed and orderly procession of events leading to the traditional moment when the candidate assumes the ceremonies of office."

My holiday mood had vanished. I felt suddenly depressed. "Watching the American elections is just like listening to the party next door," I said.

Miss A. nodded. "We at least have the quiet advantage of staying aloof," she pointed out.

"Yes, but they have all the fun," I said. "Why couldn't we, just once in a while have noise-makers and paper blowouts and funny hats and live animals?"

Miss A. looked at me coldly. "What animals had you in mind?"

"I suppose it would have to be the beaver," I said. "We always seem to get stuck with the beaver. Only of course both sides would claim it."

"And why not?" Miss A. demanded. "The beaver is a symbol of which any party might be proud. It is sober, industrious, reserved, constructive, and a great lover of home."

"Yes and it also appropriates property to build dams and store up surpluses without consulting the taxpayer," I said. "It might do for the Liberal Party. For the Progressive Conservatives there is the buffalo which is indigenous, picturesque, travels in herds and is said to be a declining species—"

"I see no point in discussing it," Miss A. said, "since it is inconceivable."

I got up. "So you won't come with me on vacation?" I asked.

"I shall stay here and watch events," Miss A. said firmly. "I am still hoping that someone will nominate Miss Dorothy Thompson as President of the United States."

"And besides, to be perfectly frank," she added, "I don't care for outdoor facilities and I can't drink pump-water."

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News Censorship in Korea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

mand or bungling in high places were stopped because they brought "discredit" on a branch of the service.

Censorship also stopped publication of a U.S. Defence Department report on close air support in Korea.

The findings of this report, made by a Johns Hopkins team, were of extreme importance to Americans who are paying for the building of an efficient military machine. Included in it were statements that the Air Force had exaggerated its claims of effectiveness, was improperly trained to carry on close air-support assignments and was doing a far poorer job than the Marine Corps which developed close air support.

To date, all stories of this report have been killed because they bring "discredit" upon one branch of the service. For the same reason it was impossible to mention the two brand new, baby blue Buicks used by the Fifth Air Force to haul its brass over Korea's thirty miles of paved road at a time when shipping was at a premium and the Eighth Army commander had to be satisfied with a nine-year-old Plymouth.

This censorship policy is not limited to the Press Advisory Division, but contaminates practically the entire army. Information that often is of vital importance to the reading public has been withheld as well as facts which we need as ammunition in our Cold War against Communism.

It may be that I'm making a range of mountains out of a molehill by criticizing military censorship policy. However, there are two things we must never forget: Public opinion is one of the most powerful weapons in the world today and the fear of exposure to it has remedied many an evil situation and prevented others from occurring. If any section of our government, civilian or military, finds it can operate without fear of public scrutiny it may be tempted to take measures which would not be in the best interests of the people and the nation.

Secondly, we are fighting a desperate, costly battle against Communism which we call the Cold War. Our most devastating weapon in this fight is truth. With it we can build the strength of the Democracies, and undermine that of our enemies. We, the press, are the big guns in this fight, and when censorship prevents us from obtaining and broadcasting the truth, we are being denied our most explosive ammunition.

Many of our military minds seem to forget that the United Nations forces in Korea—which are largely American—are a corporation being financed by the blood and money of the American people. Every U.S. citizen is a stockholder in this company and deserves to know how his funds and the blood of his loved ones are being invested. The only impartial, objective report can come from the press which, within the bounds of security, should be just as free to criticize as it is to praise, and as unfettered to expose as it is to commend.

THERE IS a peculiar animal in our military organization known as the PIO—Public Information Officer—and PRO—Public Relations Officer.

The job of the PIO office is to handle public relations, which means the press. It didn't take the wiser heads in uniform long to discover that an officer who got his name and picture in the paper seemed to get the best jobs and speedier promotions, providing, of course, his name was spelled correctly, the articles were written from a complimentary viewpoint, and the best profile of the officer presented. There is little difference today between a PIO officer and a Hollywood publicity agent. They compete with each other for newspaper space and radio time—favorable, of course—and attempt to tone down or cover up unsavory incidents which might jeopardize the commanding officer's career or make his outfit look bad.

Sitting in a comfortable headquarters and covering the war with the help of the PIO is the nice, safe way of doing the job. And what human can refuse excellent food, good companionship and good liquor, freely poured—particularly in Korea? Nor can you expect a reporter to bite the hand that has wined and dined him by digging up stories which probably would ruin the PIO's career.

Another barrier to good reporting is the susceptibility of the newsman to the grandeur of high military rank. There is something about a uniform that impresses men—especially young men—and its dignity increases with each promotion in rank.

There are certain facts and stories from Korea that editors and publishers have printed which were pure fabrication.

Late in 1950 front-line reporters in Korea sent several eyewitness stories telling of the capture of Chinese soldiers as POWs. Yet you all printed denials from Tokyo headquarters which insisted that there were no Chinese fighting in North Korea. Then when the disaster hit and the United Nations Armies were driven south, you also received and printed officially released stories from the Tokyo headquarters estimating the Communist "hordes" at more than a million. The headquarters which could publicly find no Chinese on Monday suddenly located 1,358,236 Chinese and three boys by Friday at a time when our armies had broken contact with the enemy and were fleeing southward miles in front of the advancing Communists. The truth was that no one had the slightest conception of the Chinese strength, but concealed that fact with official news releases that were untrue.

General Van Fleet brought up the subject of casualty estimates last fall at a conference of his corps commanders. He put it bluntly, explaining that if he had believed the casualty estimates made by the corps commanders "there wouldn't be a live Chinese or North Korean opposing us."

Were you to tabulate the number of enemy trucks allegedly destroyed or damaged by our night intruder planes during the past year, you would find it far in excess of the number of vehicles known to be in all of the Orient.

Even pictures can be misleading. An aerial photograph on exhibit at the Fifth Air Force Headquarters in Tokyo showed a destroyed Korean bridge, cut cleanly in half by "pin point bombing." The bridge looked familiar, and upon a closer study, I found it to be the highway bridge north of Taejon which had been blown up by Army Engineers during our retreat south. That photo was distributed and used by all the major picture syndicates as an official Air Force photo.

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PREVIOUS criticism of the army brought the charge that I had an "unfriendly" attitude toward the military. Unfriendliness and distaste are sort of luxurious emotions a wire service reporter never can enjoy. I confess to a critical attitude toward the Army, Navy, fire department, State Department, school board or any other department of Government I am assigned to cover. That's part of my job, and no reporter would ever work for me who didn't incorporate it in his personality. To do the reporting job expected of him, every newsman should approach his assignment with a "prove it" attitude and accept nothing at its face value.

—Shearer in the Calgary Herald

LIFE IN ALBERTA: "What do we want an opposing team for? It makes a much better game this way."

Birdwatchers: Helpful Hobbyists

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

hold a permit from the Federal Government. To obtain a permit, the applicant must have letters of recommendation from two well-known ornithologists, and the approval of both Ottawa and Washington.

Banders use U.S. Fish and Wildlife bands, obtained through Ottawa. Thousands of birds are banded in both the U.S. and Canada every year.

One technique that works well with a certain type of owl takes advantage of the bird's natural curiosity. Two people approach the bird, one from either side. While the owl is watching one of them, the other sneaks up on the bird. As it catches the movement and turns its head, the person on the move freezes motionless, while the one the owl has turned his back on begins to move. In this way the watchers can sneak up on the owl, catch it, and band it.

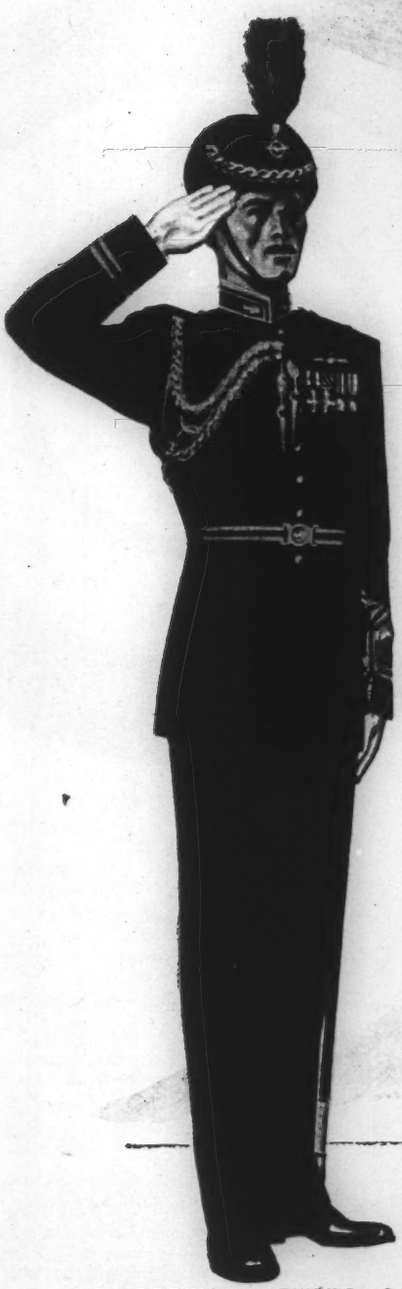
Egg collecting from birds protected under the Migratory Birds' Act is also carried out under strict regulations. The collector must be gathering the eggs for scientific purposes only. The government is very careful to whom it issues collecting privileges.

Naturalists are cautious about committing themselves on the subject of "pest" birds such as the starling, the English sparrow and the pigeon. They point to such cases as the result of an upset in the balance of nature brought about by man. The starlings, for instance, came to Ontario from New York in the 1920's. By the 1930's, it was the most common type of bird south of Lake Simcoe.

It does an immense amount of economic damage in the Niagara fruit belt, and is a noisome and dirty pest in cities like Toronto, where starlings roost in certain preferred spots by the hundreds. In the fruit district, growers have tried scaring the birds off with a device that sets off automatic explosions periodically, and in the city roman candles and skyrockets have been set off, with little success, to scare the birds away. In areas where the starlings are especially numerous, native birds are driven out.

BUT EVEN the starlings have their good points. The farmers are grateful for the countless numbers of cutworms they eat every year.

Naturalists emphasize that, although bird-watching has caught on with thousands of Canadians, it has as yet only made a beginning. With proper direction and supervision the clubs could be brought together on provincial and national levels, and their observations made that much more valuable to science. It would also lend added purpose to the activities of bird-watching clubs, and help to increase interest and membership.



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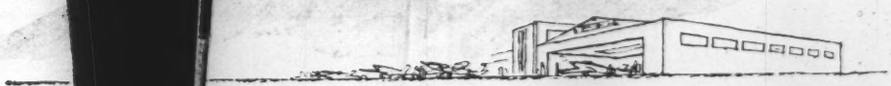

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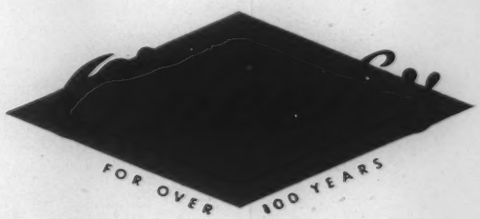

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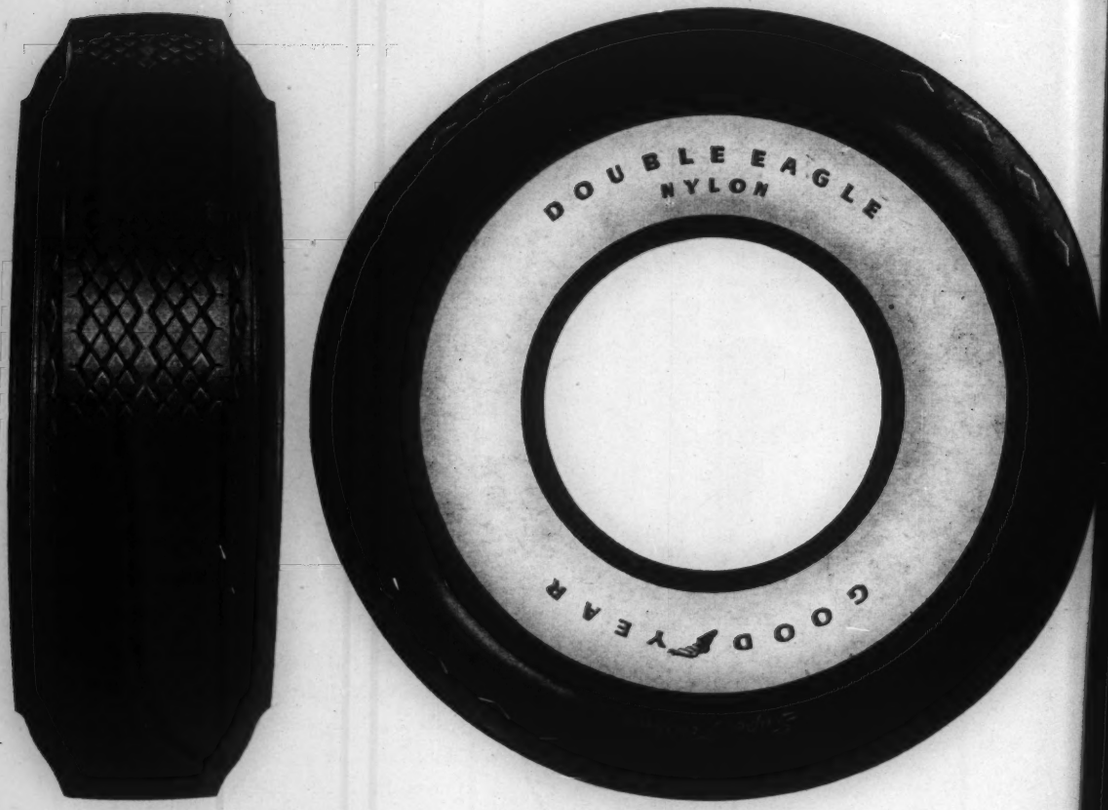

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